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# ETHOS

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Cover designed by Anne Rourke, '61



## Madonna of the Last Hour

When reapers have gone  
And borne away the sun in baskets,  
Trailing ribbons of song  
Down dusty roads,  
Down, drift-light  
Into homes small as cupped hands,  
And all their day's work safe  
Into barns fresh-warm with corn  
(Against a winter or a storm)  
And have shut the doors,  
She comes.

She walks by light of this last hour,  
Last blaze brim-filling a round sky  
—This deep burning brings stars  
And call of the last herdsman  
Out of the mountains—  
She walks bristle-bare fields,  
As she is the mother,  
As she is the white lady,  
As she is the silent gleaner  
Of crushed stalks left to burn  
In dust-brown fields,  
Carrying them home  
At the last hour.

*Sister M. Antanina, F.M.M., '61*

# Mark Twain Among Collegians

Anne L. Cutler, '62

FIFTY years ago America witnessed the death of a man who was, as his friend William Howells called him, the "Father of the American Joke." America marks his anniversary by bringing Mark Twain's personality to the foreground of the entertainment world. It is a personality which needs no re-emphasis in our generation. Its irresponsible buoyancy has made it an integral part of contemporary humor.

To the collegians, Mark Twain appears as his own publicity agent, being a writer whose works disprove his own theory that a classic is "a book people praise and don't read." The collegian reads and rereads *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, delighting in Twain's comic satire, his ironic juxtaposition of the sentimental and brutal. The college student can no more dismiss Mark Twain than he would dismiss Geoffrey Chaucer. Despite the span of centuries between their writing, and the difference in their form, they are kindred spirits in their comic-pathetic tone.

Students' poor spelling habits provoke the ire of many self-respecting professors. To those who are sources of such academic consternation, Mark Twain offers consolation. Although an excellent speller himself, (he never lost a match except to yield victory to a sweetheart), he never had much respect for the ability. Good spelling, in Twain's opinion, is not worth developing, because it may promote loss of the peculiar character and flavor of the writer's style, together with a good deal of self-revelation. We eagerly anticipate the day when more people in authority adopt Twain's view of the matter.

Another bit of Mark Twain's philosophy is levelled at the collegian. To the would-be writers among us, he offers some practical advice. He describes the amateur literary artist as one who ". . . thinks he finds himself now in the presence of a profession which requires no apprenticeship, no experience, no training—nothing whatever but conscious talent and a lion's courage." Twain thinks it incongruous that a beginner in writing feels capable of producing art, when, with an equal deficiency of knowledge, he would not attempt to make a cabinet or a pair of shoes. To an amateur, attempting composition of an opera, Twain counseled: "If you can't afford the time and labor necessary to acquire them (essentials of art), leave opera alone and try something which does not require training and experience. Go away now and try for a job in surgery."

Many students preserve their sanity by constant doses of good literature. Mark Twain had a special affinity for people who enjoy reading. Clara Clemens explains her father's relish for good literature when she says, "Father loved good writing, in part, I think, because both in the writing of it and in the reading, it is a way for men as well as boys to dream. And certainly, Father loved to dream." When a professor abruptly jolts us back to reality, we may recall Mark Twain and justify our day dreams.

In his autobiography, Twain's attitude toward work comes through without apology. This, likewise, may salve the collegian's conscience. He writes:

From the time that my father died, March 24, 1847, when I was past eleven years old, until the end of 1856, or the first days of 1857, I worked—not diligently, not willingly, but fretfully, lazily, repiningly, complainingly, disgustedly, and always shirking work when I was not watched. The statistics show that I was a worker during about ten years. I am now approaching seventy-three, and I believe I have never done any work since.



But when the collegian reads further and learns that Twain regarded piloting on the Mississippi, newspaper reporting, silver mining, lecturing and writing as “merely billiards,” he has a better clue to Twain’s playful attitude.



If the college grad, because of his degree, tends to take himself too seriously, Mark Twain’s attitude toward “degrees” may thrust a wrench into his windmill. Regarding his academic accolades with amusement, he says:

It pleased me beyond measure when Yale made me a Master of Arts, because I didn’t know anything about art; I had another convulsion of pleasure when Yale made me a Doctor of Literature, because I was not competent to doctor anybody’s literature but my own, and couldn’t even keep my own in a healthy condition without my wife’s help. I rejoiced again when Missouri University made me a Doctor of Laws, because it was all clear profit, I not knowing anything about laws except how to evade them and not get caught. And now at Oxford I am to be made a Doctor of

Letters—all clear profit, because what I don't know about letters would make me a multimillionaire if I could turn it into cash.

And if, after he receives his degree, the college graduate finds the human race unfathomable, Mark Twain offers this suggestion: "If we would learn what the human race really *is* at bottom, we need only observe it in election times." Remember?

The personality of Mark Twain has become the personality of American humor. College students mark his anniversary with enthusiasm. He is not only a favorite among America's youth, but among the world's people.

#### QUATRAIN—AN APOLOGY

When days bloom hidden  
(God has soft, secret-shadowed valley  
Full of these small things)  
There is not much to say.

*Sister M. Antanina, F.M.M., '61*



# CHURCHMOUSE

*Margaret Gudejko, '63*

THE purple haze seeped through the greyish mist as Norman left the attic and crept cautiously down the creaky ladder. As usual, when he stole from behind the organ and walked down the center aisle toward the back door, the church was empty. Stained glass windows silhouetted themselves on the floorboards and rattled warnings to the sinful. The streets steamed columns of fog. Heels and toes echoed upward in a rhythmic salute to an unknown deity. Giggling couples in parked cars traced hearts and initials on steamed windshields and played at love, while in the window of a fourth floor walk-up a balding grocer rocked his baby and wondered.



Norman shook off the attic dust and walked with aimless determination. Shops and stores were closed up, but the corner spas and bars lit their neons and invited wanderers

to stop a moment. He had no money so the stores meant nothing to him. His back was stiff from the dampness and the cramped atmosphere of the attic. It wasn't even an attic, but more of a belfry. The only thing that mattered was that it was quiet and no one bothered him . . . mainly because no one knew he was there. Lost in thought he almost stepped on a little girl who materialized out of the fog.

"Hi," she saluted.

"Hi, yourself," Norman answered as he brought himself down to her level. He managed to half kneel right in the middle of a puddle.

"You live in the church," her speckled eyes challenged.

"Where did you get that idea?"

"Oh, I know. I see you sometimes coming out. Do you live behind the organ?"

He tried to remember having seen her but couldn't. As headlights cut through the mist and spattered them with brightness he studied her short, straight hair and her brown and yellow eyes.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Eight. How old are you, Mister?"

He smiled for the first time—his sister was about eight.

"Sweet little kid"—he ruffled her hair.

"Come on, I'll buy you a soda," he started, then remembering, "Oops forgot. Don't have any money."

"That's okay," she grinned, "I do." And grabbing his hand she pulled him into a drugstore. They settled in a booth and Norman looked like a hundred other brothers who occasionally take their little sisters for a treat.

"Two chocolate sodas," she ordered. The waitress smiled a patronizing smile.

The lights were bright but they didn't have the rainbows that the street lights had. He missed the rainbows. The

jukebox was loud, not like the quiet music of a deserted attic in the rain.

"Where do you get so much money?"

The little imp grinned, "Oh, my mother—Don't you have a mother?"

Norman thought of mothers, and of bridge clubs, and of birthday parties, and telephones. He thought of class bells and curfews, of laughing girls and billowy dresses—yellow gowns blending with yellow hair at college proms. Then, he thought of the church attic and the realness of it.

"This soda's good," he said.

"You're welcome. I have to go now." She left the money and scooted out the door before he realized it. He finished slowly and walked out into the night. The mist had leadened to a real rain. Around the street lights the rainbows had merged into a reddish-blue glow. Nothing was distinct.

"It's always like this," he thought, "nothing distinct—everything lost." He headed back into the church, crept behind the organ and up the ladder. Stretching out on the damp floorboards he thought of the small girl, and the sodas—and the talking.

"Someday I'll leave here." The rain beat a staccato and the pigeons flew through holes in the rafters. As he stirred under the eaves, a mouse darted into the shadows.

"Someday, but not yet."



# On Romantic Love

*Florence John LaRue*

FRANKLY, what is to follow has absolutely nothing to do with romantic love, but I need as large an audience as possible, and a provocative title can mean everything.

To come to the point, I have a problem. (Actually, in re-reading what I have already written, I see that I am off to my usual inauspicious start . . . forcing myself upon you without so much as an introduction. But introductions have become a psychological block for me. And with good reason.)

My name is Florence John LaRue. This, in itself, is a problem. I mean, how many men named Florence are numbered in your circle of friends? People, when introduced to a Terence, or to a Laurence for that matter, smile a sober sort of smile and say, "So very pleased to meet you, Laurence." But add an "F," an "F" as in Frank (a solid, humorless name), and they have all they can do to perform a simple handshake without being reduced to quivering masses of mirth.

Being sensitive, this phenomenon serves only to complicate my more basic problem, which is one of personality misinterpretation. Practically everyone misinterprets my personality. I realize, of course, that this is often a hazard peculiar to my calling. Ever since the first faint rustlings of the dawn of man, we artists, while rapt in the joyous pain of universal communication, have been unable to express ourselves on a more personal plane. We accept this. Byron accepted it; Milton accepted it; I accept it. What I

cannot accept however, is the peculiar, humiliating manner in which this problem has made itself manifest.

I'm funny.

Were people to call me peculiar—that would be one thing. To be peculiar is to soar above the mundane, to rise above the common herd. There is an undeniable aura of romance, an exotic flair, in being peculiar. But to be funny—comic, jovial, laugh-provoking—this, for a person in my position, is tragic.

I have approached several persons in regard to my problem. Because they refused to take me seriously, I was unable to obtain any degree of satisfaction. To be more specific, as soon as I pulled a chair up to their table, they abandoned their discussion of intellectual seduction through music, and waited delightedly for me to make them laugh. Removing my black beret (I wear only dark colors, thereby eliminating from my person all vestiges of undue gaiety), I addressed them. "Boys," I said, "I have a problem." That did it. Completely broke them up. "Flossie," they said, "you are a card."

There has been considerable discussion of late concerning the pros and cons of the biographical approach to literature. The more erudite contend that the life, morals, and personality of the artist have little, if anything, to do with the artistic work. To this I say "Hosanna" and "Amen." I agree. If society laughed only at me, but took my work seriously, I could stand it. The shattering thing of it is that people laugh at anything that bears my name—Florence John LaRue. Everything I write becomes an immediate comic sensation. Can you imagine what it means to an artist, to one whose soul is consumed by a thousand thirsty flames, can you begin to imagine what it means to pour yourself onto the printed page, only to have seemingly responsible critics clap your shoulder in triumph and bel-



low, "Great Flossie, great! Hilarious! Terrific parody!" . . . As I've said, it's definitely a problem of communication.

And so I come to you. My mother suggested that, were I to submit some of my best work to an impartial audience, one not handicapped by personal association, then perhaps I could hope for an honest critical appreciation. My mother is really a great help to me.

As you might suspect, it was a veritable dilemma to try to select one poem from among so many. But I do not wish to overwhelm you. After much deliberation, I submit to you *Vernal*, the title of which contains the key to much of the complexity which abounds in the work itself.

#### VERNAL

Sanguineous, the seeping spring  
imbrues my cultivated numbness . . .

Wretched, I writhe as the rain  
runs red and swirls  
in the eternal oblation  
of each magnolia petal —

which falls,  
and melts,  
away  
to evening.

Sanguineous, the seeping spring  
imbrues my cultivated numbness . . .  
and I recall  
the softness of her eyes.

What more is there to say? Anything else would constitute a bathotic anti-climax.

M. McD.

# *A Winter's Tale Re-Told*

With the drawing of this Love and the voice of  
this Calling

We shall not cease from exploration.

(T. S. Eliot, *Four Quartets*)

SOME critics have seen in Dylan Thomas' "A Winter's Tale" a typical adolescent's daydream ending in fulfillment; others interpret it as an expression of physical yearning for love and its consummation, enriched by the Welsh myth of the she-bird. As the poem allows for a number of insights, a more sublime level of interpretation may be validly presented.

The poem is filled with allusions to the world of the spirit; its images are in great part Christian symbols. Without questioning the poet's motives or his sincerity in their application the images may be evaluated for what they are within the poem.

"A Winter's Tale" is a splendid dream of snow and of fire, of the flesh and of the spirit, a tale

That the snow blind twilight ferries over the lakes  
And floating fields from the farm in the cup of the  
vales,  
Gliding windless through the hand folded flakes.

The fluent, haunting rhythm, so characteristic of Thomas' poetry, carries the tale with the drifting snow: now rising, now falling, never stopping until its climax and conclusion. But it is a tale of long ago. He never permits us to forget this. It is a tale that was sung by minstrels in villages long "departed" and vanished. Yet this tale still drifts over the winter fields perhaps because it relates something which happened in the winter time; perhaps because winter has never passed, and the story has not really ended. The poet

suggests the perennial quality of the tale in this continuity of winter setting for the past and the present.

The "blind twilight" of the winter, its dark desert quality, its frozen immobility (even the familiar dung hills in the farm yard have been transformed into mysterious shapes by the snow), if related to Christian mystic tradition, suggest the desert of the soul's "dark night." St. John of the Cross compares spiritual aridity to the coolness of winter mornings. In this arid setting everything sleeps "chill till the flame of the cock crow;" until then there seems to be no life or purposeful activity. Man, finding himself "in the quick of night/At the point of love," but not able to possess it, is "forsaken and afraid." The "farm house cowl" under which he prays is symbolic of contemplation, of the detachment from the world whereby the soul is purified in readiness for the divine union. The stables have turned into statues under the high roof of the sky; even the air seems to be permeated with prayer. In this silence the soul's struggle is a struggle beyond appearance:

His naked need struck him howling and bowed  
Though no sound flowed down the hand folded air.

Man's hunger for love, or rather "his nameless need," since the human spirit can seldom define its innate hunger for God, reaches out to heaven: "the home of prayers/ And fires," waiting for these heavenly fires to descend upon him. But there is only darkness, and he feels himself a "believer lost and the hurled outcast of light." The image of birds hungering for the bread and for the taste of "the harvest melting on their tongues" introduces another allusion—that of the Christian's hunger for the Eucharistic Bread. The images of bread and cup recur a number of times in the poem, always suggesting the whiteness and purity surrounding them. The she-bird descends "on a bread white hill over the cupped farm" in a kind of consecration or transubstantiation to



effect the final union of man with Love. But meanwhile the man kneels to be delivered "by losing him all in love." He asks "never to flourish in the fields of white seed or flower" of this life where time, like an apocalyptic horseman, rides our "dying flesh."

After the first episode the poet tells us to listen to the transitory nature of the minstrel's song and the nightingale's melody: to the dead song of time. He resumes the tale long enough to tell us of the she-bird's "dawning" on the "bread of the ground." The bird's breast is "with snow and scarlet downed," not unlike the Beloved of the Cantic of Canticles who is "white and ruddy" (Cant.V,10). The image also suggests the wounded pelican, symbol of Christ.

We perceive a sudden re-birth of all that was dead: "For love, the long ago she-bird rises." This is told in the present tense, after which the poet shifts back to the past. He describes the voice of the "burning Bride." It is the "soft feathered voice, as though the she-bird praised." Here is a possible allusion to the Bride of the Cantic of Canticles, who is dove-like and sweet-voiced. Charmed by her voice he rises and follows; "and over the cloth of countries the far hills rode near." Likewise, this phrase is reminiscent of the Cantic where the bridegroom comes "leaping upon the mountains, skipping over the hills" (Cant.II.8). And then this soul wanders in "rags and prayers/ All night lost and long wading in the wake of the she-bird." In describing the search of a soul for divine love and mystical union, Thomas' images relate both to Scriptural tradition and the verbal connotations of medieval mystics' writings.

The climax of the poem is the man's final union with the Bird of Love. His achievement is not that of final conquest after repeated effort. We are told that, after his desperate pursuit, the door to "the joy beyond the field of seed," the "door of his death," glided wide—and his love was attained.

He prayed for death and eternity: "to come to the last harm/ And the home of prayers and fires." When he came to it "the tale ended." It is the divinity, however, that makes the final step in uniting humanity to itself. The man prays and hungers; he is given the vision of love to pursue. But, in the end, he does not catch up with the pursued. What occurs is a perfectly free condescension of the Spirit of Love: "And the bird descended."

Before finishing the poem, Dylan Thomas once more brings us to the present. The minstrels are dead, he says, and the spring exultation that momentarily flashed with the appearance of the she-bird has fled. But still this is not all. The narrative flashes back to the past tense to record the triumphant union between the man and the Bird of Love, and his final exaltation through love;

. . . he was brought low,  
Burning in the bride bed of love, in the whirl-  
Pool at the wanting centre, in the folds  
Of paradise, in the spun bud of the world.  
And she rose with him flowering in her melting snow.

In addition to echoing T. S. Eliot's classical image of love as the "still point of the turning world," the last stanza of the poem suggests Dante's description of the Rose in the *Paradiso*. He describes the souls of the blessed:

Descended into the great flower, a-bloom  
With petal on petal, and re-ascended thence  
To where its love forever hath its home.

(*Paradiso*, XXXI, 10-12)

The tale of long ago is ended. It comes drifting in again on the snow wings of a winter twilight, down into the cup of vales, where under the farm house cowl, perhaps another man prays and waits for the voice of the she-bird of Love. The spiritual re-birth of man is a universal experience; we do not have to look far to make sure. If spiritual symbols



have been used for merely an artistic effect, the fact cannot be denied that their presence allows the reader to find a significant and universal meaning in the poem. The tale is of the past and of the present then. It recurs like the winter; yet the end of every man's search is a springtime.

*Sister M. Antanina, F.M.M., '61*

## *Dolorosa*

Seagull hung low  
over moaning sea,  
Its crisp lashings beating in her thin veins,  
scraping against hard rocks that were her ribs.  
And her small heart quivered  
in sorrow like child's lip  
over the wounded sea.

She flew in wild compassion  
over its bladed surface,  
for the sea was her own.  
Blood trickled down her sacred breast  
and tinged the roiled waters.

Wings flickered  
and stains grew like ever-widening ripples  
till red salved the sighing sea.  
Then seagull plummeted to rocks below.

*Mary Harrington, '61*



# It's Been Great...

*Eileen Shea, '62*

JESSIE looked up the long, dingy stairway to the glaring light bulb suspended from the fourth floor, shifted the bag of groceries in her arms, and began to plod up. The once elegant wallpaper appeared only in strips here and there, breaking the dull monotony of grey plaster. At the second floor landing she stopped for breath and studied the bold vow, "Harry loves Gert," lipsticked on the wall.

As she climbed, she reminded herself to tell Ben that the Jacksons were moving out of the first floor apartment. Five dollars a month would be a lot to pay for a crummy hole on the first floor, but maybe she could get more work. Maybe she could ask Mrs. McKenzie if she had any more lady friends looking for a girl to clean house. Jessie bent down and took the key from under the mat, and a can of orange juice went clanging down the hall. Cursing, she grabbed it, then opened the door to their one room flat.

The bright pink blanket on the unmade bed was the only object in sight not brown-greied by soot and age. Jessie threw the bag on the sofa and lay down on the bed with her feet on the pillow so she could look out the window. An hour later she was awakened by the scratching sound of a key looking for the lock. As she sat up Ben walked in, his denim jacket in hand. He sat down on the edge of the bed, with his back to her. Jessie studied the thin spots on his shirt and decided that maybe, if there was a sale before his birthday, she could get him another shirt.

She wondered what Ben found so interesting in his hands. He picked at his nails, studied them, and finally reached for



a cigarette. As he cupped his hand around the match Jessie thought—If you just saw the palm of a person's hand, you couldn't tell if he was a black or a white. She'd have to remember to tell Ben sometime when he felt like talking. Wasn't too often lately.

He turned to her.

"Jessie, you listening?"

"Looks like I'll have to, 'less you turn the radio on." Ben sighed, just a little sigh, like a baby sleeping.

"I got somethin' to tell you Jess. You ain't gonna like it much."

Jessie looked out the window. Either he's lost his job again, or he's borrowed some money from that no-good Billy, she thought.

"Jessie, I'm leaving."

She looked up, expecting to see his face lined with that beautiful smile of his, but Ben wasn't smiling—he was looking out the window too.

"Ben," she said, "we got no kids like your brother's, but I'm young yet, and you know I didn't mean what I said th'other night when you was drunk."

Ben sighed again, this time the sigh of a man trying to teach something hard to a child.

"Jessie, it ain't that. I wanna marry someone else."

Jessie looked down the street, and she could almost see the corner where Ben had first noticed her. She was eighteen then, and she had sure noticed Ben Kirby.

One night she had looked out of her ma and pa's window, and had seen Ben and his gang standing on the corner. So she put on her brand-new slacks and her best black sweater. Outside the apartment she lit a cigarette, smoothed the pants, and walked slowly up to the boys. She looked Ben Kirby straight in the eye for a second, winked, and slowly



walked by them. Ben followed her to the park by the river, and a few months later they were married.

"For God's sake—Won't you say somethin'?"

Jessie turned and looked at him. In magazines, women always cried at this point, but Jessie couldn't. Something has to let go before you can cry, and everything in her was too tight.

"Who you gonna marry now, Ben?"

He looked at the floor.

"I been outa work. Havn't worked for a coupla months. This woman, she lent me money. I packed my stuff this mornin'."

He waved vaguely to the far corner, and Jessie saw the two cartons near the sink.

"Well . . . goodbye." She smiled weakly. "Like they say in the movies, 'It's been a great nine years.' "

"Yeah," mumbled Ben, picking up the cartons. At the door he turned.

"Jessie, I gotta tell you this 'cause you gonna hear from somebody, sometime. This woman's white."

He closed the door and she heard his heavy steps going down. I gotta cry. I'm sposta . . . Benjie's gone, she told herself. But all she felt was a big pounding in her head, like the thump, thump of Ben's footsteps when he followed her that night, to the park.

# Intimations of Spirituality

*Louise M. Wadden, '61*

SPIRITUALITY is a rather forbidding word to many of us today because of the connotations which have developed (and enwound themselves) around its meaning. The trend of modern thought tends to underestimate the importance of a deeply-centered spiritual life, especially as directly concerned with moral, religious aspects, even to the point of attaching a slight tinge of derisiveness to the term.

The annals of church history indicate a strong emphasis on a solid cultivation of this quality. Whole monasteries were founded for this purpose, and its satisfying completeness of the essential needs of man pervaded the atmosphere of saintly lives, centering their efforts and attention on a permeating awareness of God. Stripped of distracting influences and confronted with an existence of utter simplicity, monks succeeded in focusing mind and heart on the omnipotence of God. This kind of supernatural awareness is something which is hard to capture in the perfection of its immediacy with God. It is properly termed contemplation, whereas spirituality is the essence of the entire character.

Spirituality is an habitual quality of mind, centering on God; its prerequisite is an intrinsic love of beauty in its most delicate simplicity of riotous complexity. It precludes the careful scrutiny of the perfectionist or the unfeeling indifference of the impartial observer and focuses on an elevation of the mind by realizing the immortal through the mortal senses. Its simplest, innermost meaning is seeing God and His overpowering Love in every created thing on earth.

I have always experienced a sense of awe at the wholeness

of the beauty of nature. The tiniest, most insignificant snowflake, whose intricacy of design parallels the order of the universe, never fails to make me gasp with wonder at the Primal Intelligence.

The aesthetic sense of every feeling being cannot but be satiated with the splendor of a sunset—fingers of light cascading into the horizon in the crescendo of a pianist's fortissimo—or the lonely vastness of a sky filled with starry immutability—intimations of the glory of a never-ending eternity.

Never did I come so close to a concept of the infinity of God than when I gazed long at the stars and my mind, groping to a cognizance of the truth, I imagined myself alone in the entire universe, with the glittering stars around me. I looked at myself from afar and realized: this is I, the I who would never have existed without God, who would never have talked or thought or felt or known my life: and my mind was hoarse in shouting my utter insignificance.

The natural beauties abounding on earth are ours for the full savoring if we only look deeply enough. They are weak reflections of the greatness of God's glory, which we acknowledge by faith. Faith gives us roots to cling to and acts as the springboard for all theology and philosophy. We believe intrinsically in Truth, Beauty and Goodness, which we do not know by our senses but only *see* them, as it were, out of the corners of our eyes.

Faith undoubtedly fosters a very real spiritual life. Viewing all things in relation to God, my beliefs were strengthened when I became cognizant that we take for granted the yearly regeneration of the earth and the flowering from seed to bud. We have no doubt that it will not happen again every spring and we believe utterly. This is an interesting point to ponder. Its significance in its entirety can only be approached



reverently and quietly, as one tiptoes in the hush of sudden beauty, for Faith is shining and beautiful to know.

The mere fact of life itself obliges us to acknowledge our thankfulness for life every moment in the hidden recesses of the memory of morning prayer. Shadows of death frighten our senses with the black mask of unknown eternity, but with the brightness of day and a garden clothed in beauty, you can walk again with God.

I recall swiftly traversing a sunny river, then plunging down the cavernous depths of a subway tunnel, sight momentarily held back in the too-swift transition. I remember the thoughts which flashed through my mind. Recoiling at the strident sound, I cried piercingly to my deepest soul, "I want to live." Reflecting, I considered that this is each man's weak, plaintive cry against the death of the mortal body—which cannot live forever. Elevating my mind to the eternal truth, I rejoiced in the thought of my soul's birth into never-ending contemplation of the Infinite Spirit.

## *Libera Me*

Glory mostly hidden hues  
Flame fierce-fast in full flood vengeance  
On valiant green.  
Then in the rose and amber hour  
While frost fondles cruel,  
Learn there is no victory, no ascending  
But earth's.



Earth is real avenger.  
Earth gives your glory—  
Then shrivels . . . stains . . . sears  
Your bravado brilliance.  
When comes November rattle time  
Time of no external peace, no softness,  
Straighten—snap out—

From nothingness deliver us—  
Spear-sleeting, blinding days,  
Soften starkness, outshine brown,  
Clothe this corpse in white,

Yes.  
Beg burial by your rotted  
Remnant leaves, dead things;  
For snow can seal the stench  
That my eyes smell.  
And lovely winter's fire will  
Heal my soul's brown burns.

*Ellen McCarthy, '61*

# *These Shoes Forever*

*Margaret Sheil, '61*

SAMMY hummed as he walked along the deep rutted hill road. The midday sun shining through fully-laden tree branches burned him, and even though it was noon, only his hum and the spinning of crickets sounded. As the road dipped sharply he stopped to look at the abrupt end of the woods. Barren except for a few tree stumps and a single sapling, the land stretched to the bottom of the next hill. It wasn't good for anything, he thought . . . it wasn't worth the work of chopping all the trees down. All at once the joy of escape and chosen return filled him, and with long, quick strides he reached the hollow.

If he stood and watched the shirt-blue sky he might think of something to say to his family. But he looked at the woods and the stubble grass land and knew their silence was like that of his people. Everything was side by side and there was an understanding.

He tried but he couldn't make his return so small. Coming back from the city, the hill country had taken on a freshness he thought it would lose once he was back for a while. Unlike his family, he wasn't one of the bare-footed, loose-clothed people of the hills. Day after day they did the same things and never tired. But he couldn't, so he had left. At first, the immense shadows of the city had been like a blanket thrown over him; for a while he had felt smothered but he'd made himself used to it.

Coming back he had hitch-hiked. When he told the man who had picked him up where he was going, the stout man had laughed, "Moonshine country, huh?" Maybe the

man had a right to laugh—he was clean and his suit was new and he was a talker. All the way from Chicago he had talked and chuckled and talked some more. Sammy had disliked the man for laughing. Even if he wasn't one of them himself, the man shouldn't laugh at them. When they had stopped for coffee at a roadside diner, Sammy had said, "I'm goin' back for vacation," and he had seen the red-faced man look at his crammed suitcase. All his belongings, a few shirts and a few books, were in it, but that didn't mean he had to stay.

He grabbed a clump of grass. Putting a strand between his lips and whistling he thought, gettin' nowhere . . . still don't know what to say . . . might as well pick up my case and start walkin' and keep walkin' till I get there and I'll know.

The air was so dry he wanted to keep walking and to breathe deeply. At the fork of the road he turned onto the winding beaten grass road and hurried, swinging his bag back and forth. Summer smell, he thought, full of light, full of quiet. Through the silence he could hear in the distance the grunt of a sow and he began to run. He hadn't realized he was so near. Without thinking, he had followed the road like he'd done coming from the other hollow. You never meet anyone on this road, no one ever comes off the farm, no one ever thinks of the outside. . . .

He ran slowly, like a runner concentrating on form, his hair bouncing in a piece, his new shoes pushing the ground down. Then at the end of the woods he saw the drab cabin surrounded by a small garden. With an even pace, an ax banged on a log. The sow was lying outside the garden and a thread of smoke came from the chimney.

Call, he said to himself, call, don't just walk in. But he didn't want them to come running out to him. It wasn't like him to smile and laugh so he'd just walk right in the door



and put his case down and sit. But how could he? He'd never be like them again. Oh, tears would be better, they'd wash away the strangeness, they'd make him be home again.

The door was open always and the dark inside looked out always. His mother, her brown hair in a single braid, stood at the stove humming and she was the same as before. A crumbling step led inside and he stood on it for a minute, turning to look back, glancing at his shoes and wishing they weren't so dirty. He wondered what Pa would say about the shoes; he had never been able to afford shoes for everyday. He had given Sammy his only pair to wear to the city, and Sammy had worn them out by the end of the walk to the main route. His mother seemed to hum louder now. He could turn right around; they'd never know that he had been back. But he couldn't because all at once he didn't want to, all at once he knew that he belonged here. It would be over too soon and he'd have to go back.

The floor creaked as he entered. His mother turned around and only her narrow grey eyes showed surprise as she moved toward him. Her feet were bare and her grey shift hung loose. He left the case by the door and kissed her. Still she did not speak, but it was all right because he had known she wouldn't. It was Pa who might say, "I told you you'd come back." Sammy would have to say, "I'm here for my vacation."

His arms filled with wood, the gaunt old man entered. "Howdy, son, I heard you coming."

For a moment Sammy waited and then for the first time in a year, he said, "Howdy." He wanted to explain that he wasn't staying but he couldn't.

The old man put the wood on the floor and stared at Sammy's shoes. "How'd they feel, son?"

Sammy glanced at them, "Jest fine, Pa." He looked at the bare walls, the unpainted furniture, the lantern-like



lamp, the scrubbed floors. Everything seemed to cover him and he was glad. His mother stirred the soup on the black iron stove and he and Pa sat down silently by the window. It was easy, Sammy thought, to be quiet, much easier than having to talk like he did in the city. It would be easy to get up in the morning and walk out the door and look at the work he had to do. Even if you got nowhere, even if you never had any money to spare, it was easy when you'd been brought up to it.

He looked at the shoes and thought he'd have them forever. You stayed here all your life and it was good, it was quiet, it was peaceful.



## Crying in the Wilderness

Those of us who find ourselves at the proverbial beginning of the end of our college years, look inward with a new intensity, wondering what it is we have become, and how much of what we have become may be directly attributed to Emmanuel. Now, with a sharp swiftness it has fallen to us to assume the voice of this college . . . to let it speak through us, who have, presumably, gathered perspective. As we have long been instructed, we look to ourselves for this ethos of which we speak so much, yet know so little. And we discover, if we are willing to begin to relinquish security, that the college *is* greater than the individual, and that it is not within ourselves that the voice of Emmanuel is to be found.

In this Age of Everything, of mouse-white space, Blue-bearded revolutionaries, and fat-fisted world tycoons of real-estate, realism has elbowed its unapologetic way to the fore. College students, in particular, claim the ability to see things for what they are. Remaining steadfast in the face of sentiment, we scorn the comfortable, the familiar. In our reasoned awareness, we poke our fingers through convention, because it is conventional. Indisputably, ours is the Cult of the Open Mind. Looking closely at ourselves then, and openmindedly, we try to determine what we have believed the voice of Emmanuel to be, and how we, as individuals, have reacted toward it.

The strength of John's message, "make straight the way of the Lord," did not depend upon those who heard, nor upon

those who refused to listen. The wisdom of it did not depend upon the raiment of the prophet, nor upon his rhetoric. Neither the headiness which spurs a man to belief by moonlight, nor the arid reality fostered by the Eastern sun, could make Truth subserve externals. So was it then.

So shall it ever be. Regardless of how we have heard, or what we have listened for, the voice of Emmanuel will continue to sound. Whether we provide a garden, or prefer a wilderness, the voice itself will not be altered nor deterred. This is not easy to accept. We have long been nurtured on the platitude that the college is no greater than the individual student. This is not so. That which the college offers us is a lesson in simplicity. But simplicity has become, for many of us, the most complex of commodities, and in our new maturity, we may require the comfort of trusting that our actions and reactions are as mortar to the cornerstone.

In reviewing our years at Emmanuel, those of us who have been shaped into a somewhat unexpected mold are confronted with a potentially uncomfortable question. Is it, after all, Emmanuel that has shaped us, or, in our deafening independence, have we shaped ourselves . . . now hearing the cry in a wilderness.

*M. McD.*

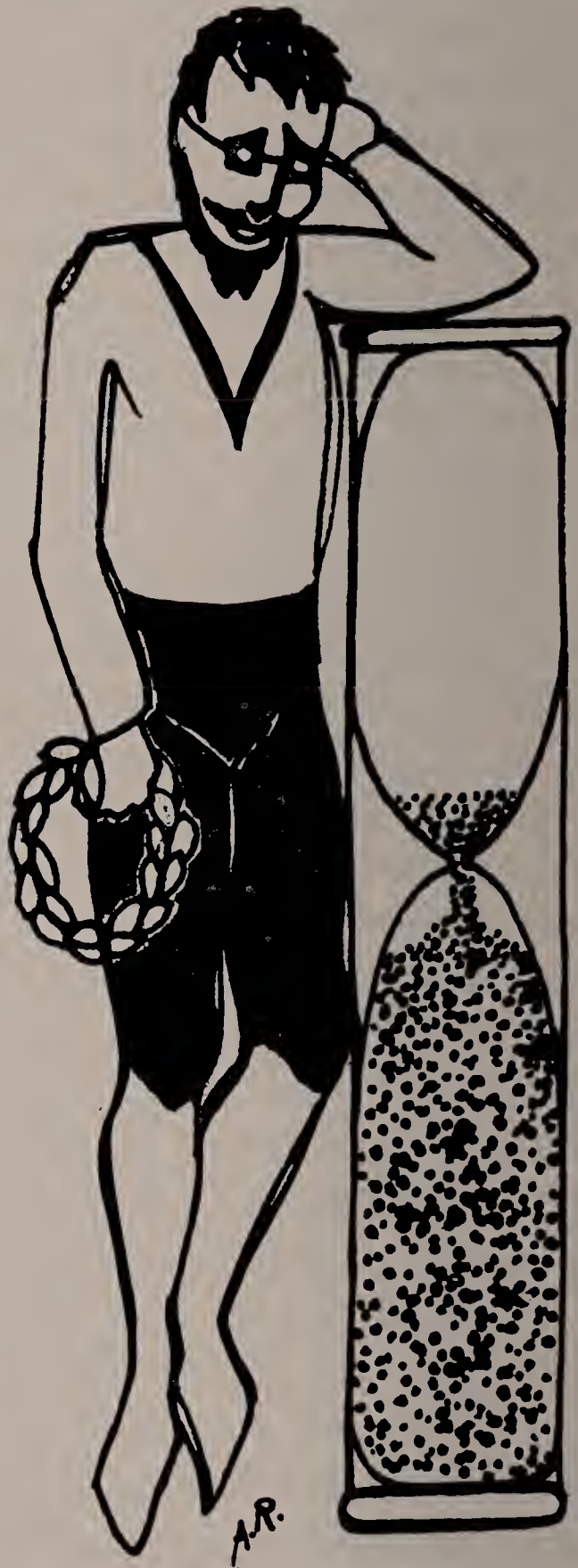


# $\Delta_0$ ITXS

ad INFINITUM

*Patricia A. Curran, '62*

PART of the sociological phenomena of mundane pursuits is wrapped in a viciously circular imbroglio which tends to make the roseate man rather saturnine. Perhaps the complexity of the situation may be reduced to a simple statement. To put it clearly, the sociological phenomena that have to do with mundane pursuits . . . well, such have manifested themselves to be a vicious circle type imbroglio. Now that you have the picture, we'll advance. This imbroglio may be traced back over the vicissitudes of centuries to a basic flaw . . . man. Man in his activity, so designated by the term life, has found it difficult to keep a proper balance between his intellectual and material





interests. This is, indeed, a problem. However, within every group of rational beings there seems to exist at least one who can see through the opaque veil that shrouds society. Yes, to every age is given at least one saviour. Blessed as we have been, we have much for which to be grateful.

The one or ones who penetrate the film enveloping a waning society have in the past been labelled "rebels," or denounced as "quacks" or "crackpots." More recently, the group of clear-seers have accoutered themselves with the title "beatniks." Kerouac, the acknowledged Mighty Mouse of the twentieth century "beats," insists that they are not "beat" (done in), but "beatific." Thus Kerouac claims that they are the blissful, happy ones who are striving to set aright the world's awry set of values.

It is apparent that all that distinguishes contemporary non-conformists from their counterparts of yesteryear is their appellative. A penetrating study into the less well-known facts of history has revealed a basic trend of Beatnikism, from 3000 B.C. to 1960 A.D.

In *The History of the Older Peoples of the Olden World* by Ahmad Ahmad Jamal, we find mentioned, briefly, the Δ<sub>o</sub>ITXS (which, loosely translated, means "beats.") They lived in a shady valley of Mesopotamia. They devoted themselves to bringing true culture to the people of their age. It seems as though the people were becoming quite complacent in view of their achievements. These achievements included the planning of 360' in the circle, the use of the vault and arch in architecture, and a noteworthy division of the calendar year. Thus a counter attack, aimed at revitalizing man's spiritual inner life, manifested itself as a necessity.

Cuneatic tablets of profound verse were turned out. The works sang of beaten pyramids and "what the heck, we've got our Sphinx." Late at night, panther-skinned, black

turtle-necked  $\Delta_0$ ITXS praised the great one, Hammurabi Corso. Snapping their fingers they groaned:

Bam Jam  
That's our Ham  
Pink Sphinxes  
Green  $\Delta_0$ ITXS  
Fried lion's feet  
Man—like go you crazy mummy.

They seemed to be a fast-moving set, yet their plea was a profound, “be not content with the material world . . . it is passing . . . develop the mind and your aesthetic capabilities.”

Centuries were spanned, and the world continued to course in the stream of complacency. There were the families with their summer pyramids by the Nile, their pedigreed cats, and indigo robes. Naturally, they were all two-camel families (a "desert squire" for the little woman too).

Out of this milieu came the  $\mathbb{A}^1$ OΔS, determined to save their age. In low-slung black robes they roamed about, preaching the word of non-normalcy. Fantastic scenes on papyrus depicted man's search for the inner life. Strong public exhortations led the people toward the "better way."

The  $\Delta$ OS spent most of their lives musing in a broken-down pyramid in the business section. It was a meeting place where all came to share ideas. Here was excitement . . . whether the thought was good or indifferent all became excited, because it was their idea, and to them, it was important.

At the time of the  $\mathbb{O}\Delta S$ , reform movement (about 1000 B.C.), it was obvious that inflation, apathy and comfort had a firm grasp on society. Action became necessary. Time for poetry, pictures and detachment from the materialism of the square world became essential. Now, act now, the beats urged.

Six hundred years later, Socrates, the supreme Δ<sub>o</sub>ITXS and //\\OΔS, came upon the scene. There was no paucity of problems to ponder. Socrates and his school of suede-sandled, black-togaed, and distinctively bearded thinkers sought to settle the now age-old problems of the social state. Primary among the stumbling blocks was materialism: two chariots in every courtyard, and women no longer at the rivers washing clothes. Now there were fashionable watering fonts in the marketplace. Enter Socrates, a voice from the "village." He and his coterie established a "way." They stripped themselves of the world, and their pensive spirits soared. In his inimitable dialectic manner, Socrates proved his point in the following appeal:

Socrates:

Can we live on the land bounded  
by the wine sap, foamy brine, in-  
undated by the black-white malice  
of the world?

Followers:

Certainly not.

Socrates:

Paper parthenons  
Puny pupils  
My mind dizzies  
Hemlock please.

Socrates and his set tried, but sixteen hundred years after him there were others still trying. Through the coffee-shoppes of sixteenth century England, "ye beates" made their way, once again, into the lives of the people.

Raleigh threw down his cape and that was it . . . "ye beates" could not taketh anymore. With all the frivolity, gaiety, and courtly love, life was unbearable for those with the "true light." They drove the regular customers from



the coffee-shoppes. Characters decked in black started to "make the scene." Endless discussions on poetry, philosophy, and science occupied the best minds. So *phlogiston* maybe is great, but where is man going? Are we forever going to wallow in this lace-lined world? We must seek detachment from the mundane.

Pictures of melancholy Danish castles, lonely moors, and muddied crowns flooded the stands by the Thames. The lyre was struck, and the minds queried:

World:

Why so pale and wan faire beate?  
Prithee why dost thou don the black?

Beate:

I am wearied of empty nothingness  
Disturbed by the world  
Where doth reside the soul, the mind  
Alas the beautiful.  
Thus to thy pritheeing  
I daren't reply alas (liketh man.)

The souls of ye beates burnt brightly. But did history see the light? According to all authoritative sources, the beates of the sixteenth century coffee-shoppes are just another entry in an index.

During the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, man's concern with the inner life diminished, and by the twentieth century, life became no more than a pleasurable pursuit: a pursuit after two cars, a summer cottage, and a T.V. set in every cellar. Each community had its Babbitt, and eventually one sprang up in every household.

The world awaited its saviors, but where was Godot? He was in the "village" awaiting his day. There were hundreds of them, biding time. And then, like wow . . . these cats made the scene skinned in black, bearded and beat. On

McDougal Street and up through Greenwich, like man, it was all theirs. King Kerouac did himself in . . . went from boy-normal to beat supreme. Thong-shod beats cut in, and wow . . . like soon it was all craggy poetry, crusty pictures, and esoteric living.

The beats flipped way out with Zen. They screamed it from the squalor. The most attractive idea that they gathered from Zen was the holiness of the personal impulse. The dramatic role of the Zen lunatic did much to enhance their self-conceit. The more demanding aspects of Zen were promptly abandoned, and from the remains they wove a philosophy of their own. They strove to rid the mind of the material, and illumine it with the spiritual. It was a losing battle.

Existentialism seemed to form a "front" philosophy for many . . . the unique role of man and his freedom was stressed. If a beat felt the urge to read poetry aloud in the subway, he did, and if any "square" objected, it made no difference. The fundamental rule of the beatniks was, "Thou shalt not bug thy neighbor." Like if your neighbor is digging poetry, and you're not with it, don't bug him, just peel out.

The beats expressed their intellectual finesse through literature . . . wild poetry tacked on fences, scribbled on bar-room walls, and sung to the accompaniment of a pair of bongos or an off-tuned guitar. Some of the more complex thought was expressed on canvas. Nondescript art galleries crowded the sidewalks of Greenwich Village. Smug artists waited for squares to buy their masterpieces.

Thus from the austere, smoke-filled shops in the village came the saviours of the twentieth century. Before long they had grooved international recognition and were highly respected in intellectual circles.

Beatniks have swirled the spoon in the world's kettle of complacency. Much steam has been generated, but it has inevitably vaporized. The beats have had a hard fight all the way down the line. It's been:

Bim Bam  
Jam Meow  
fried shoes  
a-gone woes.

From the  $\Delta_0$ ITXS to the moderns . . . so much has been in vain. Fate seems always to thrust obstacles in the path of success. The fight has been a noble one though, and royal recognition seems now to have elevated the beatnik, thanks to Princess M . . . , oops, I mean Mrs. Margaret Jones.





## HOLOCAUST

I have known this forever,  
since I was old . . .  
that Autumn is the knowing time—  
the telling time.

Out of the forest dragons the wind,  
forking yellow breath-sparks  
into Summer's tindered shavings,  
then . . .  
tighten your eyes  
to a sudden, stinging  
Flame!!

Screaming, the blazing valleys  
scale smoking hills,  
streaming orange burnings, these leaves  
frost-frighted in October.  
And the sky too smarts, and burns away  
. . . to blueness.

I have known this forever,  
since I was old . . .  
that I will sear myself  
in the chilling fire of Autumn—  
and char my limbs—  
and stand revealed.

*Marian McDonnell, '61*

# Microcosm

*Carol Ann Glowacki, '63*

THE elevator stops. . . . Softly the doors whirl open. The orderly pushes the stretcher into the hall . . . he stops talking. It is hard for me to look at him from my upside-down position, but I can tell that his manner has changed. He is solemn, and all-business. The wheels of the stretcher click past the first four rooms. Now he is stopping at the fifth room. . . . It seems as though he is parking me here. The silence is overwhelming . . . distant . . . without reassurance. The clock is hazy . . . seven-thirty. . . . Morning light glows through the frosted window . . . seems incongruous with the pale green walls and antiseptic smell of ether. . . . From the room nearby . . . drone of the doctor's voice . . . empty echo of instruments . . . oxygen pump breathing deeply . . . a guardian, or a foe?

Looking around, I see another stretcher across the hall. The woman is nearly unconscious . . . she shrieks in agony!

Tranquilizers . . . shots . . . the doctor is coming. . . . He is mildly surprised . . . I am still awake. He is explaining what is about to take place . . . for comfort, I suppose. Nurses rustle by . . . indifferent . . . starchy. . . . Stretcher is waist high . . . everyone looks distorted . . . towers above me.

Water running somewhere . . . muffled scratching of scrub-brushes in soap. . . . Seven fifty. . . . My emotions are changing . . . I am less curious about others . . . more concerned with myself. Doctors and nurses catch my gaze . . . smile grimly. Muscles feel tight . . . can't be . . .

tranquilizers. . . . Tension my mind . . . I close my eyes  
. . . no good . . . can't escape . . . lights above are staring through me.

Imagination . . . strange . . . corridor is growing longer  
. . . ceiling is higher . . . walls more pale. . . . Who am I? . . . insignificance. The staff has begun to wear their masks up over their faces . . . one by one. Air is changing . . . cool . . . now cold. . . . Everyone speaks in a hushed tone. The atmosphere . . . situation . . . concentrated . . . intensified.

. . . Seven fifty-five. . . . A nurse is wheeling the stretcher away from the wall. Sickening chills . . . cold sweat . . . I'm shaking . . . can't escape. I can see the corridor from end to end. Doctors and nurses go diligently about their business. Looking up from the moving stretcher, I see the eyes of the nurse . . . sympathetic . . . lights in the corridor . . . staring . . . clock . . . seven fifty-eight. . . . Now . . . great white globe . . . operating room. . . . Here I lie . . . slide of bacteria under a microscope.





# *A Gentle Satire*

*Marie D'Alessandro, '62*

JUNE blossomed early that year in Ferry Cove. The thickly clustered rose bushes on the green before the Court House intoxicated the whole town, already tipsy with that almost-summer feeling. Children, playing Blind Man's Buff in the fading twilight, counted the very minutes 'till final recess.

On the edge of town, down past the sand dunes and the burying ground, the stuffy playhouse yawned open its long-boarded windows, anticipating fresh paint and pop-corn and another profitable season. And up on the hill overlooking the sail-splattered harbor the Chandlers and the Fairchilds and their society neighbors shuttered windows and packed trunks and left endless notes for the gardener and the cleaning woman before setting out for the mountains to escape the swarms of early tourists. Along Governors' Avenue the shop windows once again displayed their authentic New England wares, from corn-cob pipes made in Japan to glossy nickel post cards of the old covered bridge on the turnpike. Everyone had waited for June, and June, faithful to her word and to her people, had come. And everyone in Ferry Cove was glad. Everyone but Miss Abigail.

Any other year she would have pruned her rose bushes and watched them bloom. They were the first roses on Cedar Street, the first and most beautiful. And, like their mistress, they were long-enduring. Any other year she would have gone to the High School graduation at the Town Hall. She would have gone to hear her own class-

mates' children sing their Alma Mater, and to cry a little, inwardly, at the unvoiced singing of other children, children-never-to-be, perhaps her children . . . if. Any other year she would have attended at least one wedding at the little church on the corner of Pine Street, to cry a little, less inwardly perhaps, but not this year. No wedding for Miss Abigail. No, not this year, for this year was not like others, and indeed, Miss Abigail was not herself.

In her blue and white bedroom, she awoke to the blinding sunlight of the first morning in June, then closed her eyes to its cheerfulness. She wished she could close her eyes to the day ahead and to the months and years beyond. But no, no she could not close her eyes. It was all there. Her future was there in that room: the thick packets of letters on her dresser and, beside her Bible, the gold-framed photo; the half-packed trunk on the floor, and beyond it, neatly hung on the closet door, grandmother Archer's faded lace wedding gown. She hadn't wanted the gown, yet she had relented; to please her friends she had relented. Indeed, she had done everything to please her friends, those neighbors, so concerned, so worried over her single blessedness. Poor dears, now they would be happy; they would be overjoyed.

Miss Abigail was a spinster, or, to use her own words, an old maid. She had lived in the brown shuttered house on Cedar Street all of her forty-nine years, and she had gradually become part of it, as much a part as its ominous grandfather clock in the parlor, or the bay windows in the library. She had lived in the house for forty-nine years with her mother and father, her sister, Prudence, and her brother, Miles. Prudence had run off with an actor, and Miles had been killed in the Great War, and Mother and Father had died of broken-hearted old age. So Miss Abigail lived alone.

For twenty years she lived alone. For twenty years she baked pies for church bazaars, and sold tickets to the Ladies' Auxiliary socials, and knitted pairs and pairs of brown mittens for neighbors' children. For twenty years she raked the leaves, and shuttered the windows and banked the fire and waited for spring and longed for June with the other townsfolk. But not this year. Not this June. Not ever again.

Ironically Miss Abigail's great deceit began last June at a wedding, Constance Strong's wedding at the little church on the corner of Pine Street. Afterwards at the reception, Miss Abigail Archer sat primly in a corner of the happiness and sipped punch and brushed uselessly at the last inward tear. Suddenly, looming before her was Mrs. Strong, the good lady who had successfully married off the last of her four daughters and, between weddings, had paired off at least half of Ferry Cove's maidenhood. Miss Abigail had been the only thorn in Jane Strong's long campaign to see all Ferry Cove's "girls" altar-bound. And in Miss Abigail's presence, Jane was never alone; there was always some greying, eligible bachelor, greying yet always eligible. This time was no exception.

"My dear Abigail, so glad to see you dear," enthused the smiling matchmaker. "I'd so like you to meet Mr. Anthony—Mr. Raymond Anthony from Boston. Mr. Anthony just moved into town, and when he saw you he begged for an introduction, and . . . ."

Miss Abigail had met other Mr. Anthonys; several of them at the Strong's' wedding receptions. Quite frankly, she was bored to the point of tears with her neighbor's die-hard meddling. Perhaps it was this boredom that prompted her to say:

"So you're from Boston, Mr. Anthony. What a coin-



cidence! My fiancé lives in Boston. I met him there while on a holiday this Christmas.”

Jane Strong was shocked. Next morning on the green before the Court House, and at the Ladies' Auxiliary Luncheon, and at the P.T.A. meeting, the whole of Ferry Cove was equally shocked. But no one was more shocked than Miss Abigail who, in all her forty-nine years of patient spinsterhood, had never even thought a lie, let alone uttered one. Perhaps she had intended only to quiet Mrs. Strong for the moment. Certainly, she had never intended, nor expected, the result of her little fibbing.

The next Sunday after service, Miss Abigail was besieged by politely meddling questions. And to all the questions she gave answers—what else could she do? “His name? Stuart . . . Stuart Sumerfield III.” Stuart Sumerfield III—the longest name on Miss Abigail's Boston and Maine stock report. “Yes, he lives in Boston.” “Why, he's a broker.” “No, he's . . . ah . . . Stuart's much too busy to visit at this time. But we write often.” “Marriage? Why, I don't know . . . we'll see what time brings.”

And time brought more and more difficulties to Miss Abigail. Soon Jane Strong and Mrs. Pratt next door, and the Fairchilds up the hill began making cautious inquiries about Stuart's letters. Even Mr. Rogers, the postman, was against her! Why had she made up the story in the first place? To gain peace? What peace was there in deception? What peace in lies? And yet she must continue. She could not let them know the fantasy of her story. She must not let them know. There was her pride—pride in her family name—pride in herself. And so it was easy to find a mailing source and write a letter to herself “from Boston,” and then another and another. That summer was filled with letters, more letters and more speculation.

In September, at the Harvest Bazaar, there was a photo

of "my dear Stuart," a glossy print of Mr. Sumerfield's picture cut from the fall quarterly issue of the Boston and Maine stock report, and sent to Portland for enlargement. And at Christmas time there was a card and a gift, a cameo pendant mailed directly from Stowell's of Boston.

Through all the lies, through all the deception, Miss Abigail was anything but happy over her "engagement." Every day she longed for an end, but none was in sight. And every day she feared the real Stuart Sumerfield—and his anger at the fraudulent use of his name. And every day her neighbors, Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Pratt and all the rest, they smiled and winked and asked more questions.

Finally Miss Abigail made her decision. On that first sunny morning in June she looked out her bay window towards the sail-splattered harbor, and the church spires, and the town that was her birth-place and only home. Miss Abigail faced all this, and said good-bye.

Yes, it was best to leave, leave to be "married" in Boston. Boston was far away from Ferry Cove, from Mrs. Strong and the Fairchilds, far from questions, endless questions.

At the train station that morning, Miss Abigail bought a Boston newspaper and turned slowly to the rental section. Suddenly her eyes glanced across the page to the black-rimmed obituary, somber and foreboding. There she read and reread the longest name in the last column . . . "Stuart Sumerfield III."

# *The Quality of Death*

*Ann Harrington '62*

JOHN BARKER opened his eyes and wondered if he really had regained consciousness. The blackness was worse than that of sleep, and, like a child, he tried to blink it away. Blindly he lifted his hands into nothingness, only to let them drop again. In desperation he pawed at the clammy earth beneath him, but even that gave little comfort of solidity.

I'm dreaming, I must be dreaming, he thought, but to his horror he knew he was fully awake. He strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of a light that was not there. With the faint touch of fanatical hope, he opened his mouth to scream to be heard, but his voice broke like the croak of a frog.

"Barker! Barker! Is that you?"

John Barker raised his head and strained his eyes once again. Quickly he crawled forward into the blackness screaming "Who's that? Pulaski? Smith?" but something pulled around his waist and threw him down on the grave-like dirt.

"It's all right Johnnie. It's me, Joe Pulaski. Take it easy."

"Joe, what happened? Where are the lights? What happened to the guys?"

"It's the bump, Johnnie, the bump."

Johnnie Barker loosened his grip of death and heaved a sigh of understanding and dismay. He remembered now. He remembered the explosion, the rocks falling like monstrous hailstones. In a moment he remembered the past—and he knew the future.



"We're gonna' die, Joe. Just like that air, you and me is gonna' peter out. Just like that air—We're gonna' die, Joe, we're gonna' die, you know."

Joe Pulaski knew they would die. The air was dying; the tube was buried under the rocks, under the rocks with his men. Yes, he knew they would die. He knew a long time ago—so long ago it seemed. But maybe it was not more than an hour or so. It took so long to quiet his fear, to accept the reality that crept into view through the blackness. He sat for such a long time in his cell of dirt and stone, staring into the dark, thinking of nothing, thinking of everything—of his childhood, the cramped little shack where his mother slaved and his father drank. He thought of Mary, the baby, the good things they would never have. And he thought of the siren, the shriek of death. It would be blasting now. . . .

"I'm not gonna' die here, Joe, not this way, not here."

John Barker had been thinking too, thinking of the ways he could have died—in his sleep or crossing the street, or from pneumonia—any way would have been better than this. The air would go, he would die choking, gasping for breath, frantically groping for the last bit of air. He could not die now—his plans for the future—he could not die in a stinking hole, this clammy pit, any way but this. Any time but now, not now. . . .

"I won't die here, Joe. I won't die here!", he cried hysterically, "I'll dig us out, Joe. We'll get out. Don't worry, Joe, we won't die here."

"Why not here, Johnnie? We've always been miners—it's better we die here, in the only place we know."

But John Barker would not die in this place. He would not be buried alive, in blackness, in fear, in despair. He felt his way to the rocks, and with the strength of one temporarily insane, wrenched them from their socket of

pressure. He pulled, pushed, dug into the dirt, but worked in vain. The endless sea of fate was unrelenting. Exhausted, he backed against the wall and sank to his knees heaving, breathing in the precious air of life.

He could not die here, so young, so strong. He could not let life be drained out of him. . . .

"It's no use, Johnnie."

"But why? Why here?"

Joe Pulaski waited patiently, accepting the Plan that controlled him. His mind was at ease now, he was tired and he sat waiting, waiting. . . .

"It's no use, Johnnie. Accept it," he said.

"I won't die here! No! Not here, not here, not here. . . not . . . ."

A slim, white starched uniformed nurse leaned over the screaming, wizened, old man. How long he's been here, she thought, but in a soft soothing tone she said,

"Please, please Mr. Barker, you're all right now. Calm down. Calm down."



*Portrait of Max: An Intimate Memoir of Sir Max Beerbohm.*  
S. N. Behrman. New York: Random House, 1960.

The "incomparable Max" has been recreated. We, who never knew him personally, have been introduced to him by S. N. Behrman. In *Portrait of Max* he has digested the essence of Max Beerbohm's life and thought in three hundred pages of delight. The conversations between Behrman and Beerbohm at the latter's Villino at Rapallo, Italy, are, in turn, humorous, poignant, compassionate and, occasionally, bitingly caustic. A man whose faults we accept, whose sarcasm we fear, whose genius we admired and whose humane-ness we love looms up out of these dialogues. They also provide intimate pen sketches of the "artistic set" of the eighteen-nineties, portraits of such people as Oscar Wilde, Arnold Bennett, Henry James, Thomas Hardy and George Moore.

Behrman portrays Beerbohm as a master conversationalist, a witty critic and an artist whose caricatures of celebrities evoked both delight and denouncement. "To be drawn by Max," says Behrman, "came to be the insigne of arrival but it had its penalties, too. Mrs. Shaw, in a fury, tore in two,



a caricature Max had done of G.B.S., and threw the pieces into the fire.”

That Beerbohm had difficulties with insensitive, coarse, boastful people Behrman does not hesitate to reveal. When Beerbohm developed an aversion for someone, it was almost impossible for him to disguise it. Such was the case in his relationship with Rudyard Kipling. Beerbohm caricatured him unmercifully. One day when he had an opportunity to apologize to Kipling, he simply could not bring himself to do so. Behrman relates how Beerbohm, years later, tried to explain his inability to apologize. To Behrman he confessed:

“I caught his eye. I wished to get up. I very much wanted to go over to him and to say, ‘Mr. Kipling, I admire you. I admire your very great genius. If I have written harshly of you, it is because I do not believe you are living up to the possibilities of your genius.’ I so much wanted to do this. But I didn’t. . . . Why didn’t I unbend? Why did I go on persecuting him? And now he is dead and it is too late.”

Again and again, as the two men talk, more intimate confessional anecdotes and convincing descriptions of people—great men and personal friends—emerge from Behrman’s recollections. More and more, Beerbohm becomes a real person while Behrman keeps himself unobtrusively in the background, for this is one man’s story. Mr. Behrman has given us a memoir of the “incomparable Max” who will now be, for all who read the book, an “unforgettable Max.”

*Mary Wyant, '62*

*To Kill a Mockingbird.* Harper Lee. New York: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1960.

With refreshing simplicity and crisp wit, this first novel of Harper Lee offers insight into the refined white southerner’s regret over abuse of the Negro. The action focuses on

the unjust trial and conviction of a Negro boy charged with rape of a perverted white girl. In attempting escape from the prison farm, he is murdered like a mockingbird senselessly slaughtered by hunters. Sustaining the analogy, Harper Lee asserts that to kill a mockingbird is a sin since mockingbirds neither eat people's gardens, nor rest in their corncribs but merely sing their hearts out for us.

The action is intensified by being screened through the minds of three energetic children who, with juvenile inclination for query and wonder, explore the incongruity of adult conduct and conversations. The predominant tone, though not obviously sociological, seems implicitly weighted with a plea for racial equality of white and black.

The plot unfolds with a quiet, logical and dramatic sequence. Life-like dialogue immediately reveals the primary personalities of the action. Yet the gay world of the children never quite penetrates the stinging, stormy, adult world of the negro's trial. In trying to fuse the two, Harper Lee does not always succeed. *To Kill a Mockingbird* is not a "great book" but it is a stimulating, artistic presentation of the problem of racial discrimination.

Mary Courtney, '63

*The Science of the Cross.* Edith Stein, Trans. by Hilda Graef. Chicago: Regnery, 1960.

As her last testament, Edith Stein (Teresa Benedicta of the Cross, O.C.I.), has left a modern presentation of the mystical doctrine of St. John of the Cross. Written shortly before her death in the gas chambers of Auschwitz, it is at once an extensive development, a personal interpretation, and a prophecy of this Carmelite mystic.

Before her conversion to Catholicism in 1922, Edith Stein was the disciple and assistant of the philosopher, Edmund

Husserl, the proponent of phenomenology. After her conversion she studied St. Thomas Aquinas and other Catholic philosophers. However, her approach in this study is highly phenomenological, as evidenced by her treatment of the soul's ascent to mystical union with God.

Paraphrasing St. John's doctrine, Edith Stein explains that before this union (which is completely passive on the part of the soul) may be achieved, one must endure the successive stages of the "Night." St. John calls the first stage the "Dark Night of the Senses," i.e., complete renunciation of the desires and joys of the senses.

The second stage, "Night of Faith," is darker than the first because it affects the rational part of man, "depriving the soul of the light of reason and blinding it." She shows how, by stripping the faculties of understanding, memory and will, and replacing them with the corresponding virtues of faith, hope and love, the soul prepares for the final crucifixion, the "abysmal darkness" caused by apparent loss of contact with God. The virtues remain but the soul is tortured by a piercing pain of doubt and a feeling of unworthiness. But, as she declares,

In the mortal fears of the Night of the  
Spirit the imperfections of the soul have  
been burnt out as wood is freed by fire  
from all moisture so that it may itself be able  
to glow in the splendor of flame.

In the last chapter, Edith Stein gives an inspiring account of St. John's last years and of his death in accord with his doctrine of the Cross. This section serves an aesthetic as well as a practical purpose. It gives a personal quality and unity to what would otherwise be another doctoral treatise and it ties many loose strings of theory into a firm knot of practical application by St. John.

Edith Stein has made a thorough critical analysis of St.



John's presentation of stages of contemplation which culminate in mystical marriage. She attempts to describe the mystery enveloping the metaphysical essence of the soul. If her figures of the "night" and the "sensations" fall somewhat short of their functions as images of the immaterial relation between God and the soul, it must be remembered that the human mind (without divine assistance), has never quite penetrated the opaque film surrounding the ascetic soul's "point of departure" from the phenomenal world.

*The Science of the Cross* offers much stimulus to spiritual thought. It is well written by one who lived the doctrine and whose death was a testament to her belief in it. This book is not "bedside reading" but something to be pondered over in silence and solitude.

*Rosemary Tipping, '62*

*The Lovely Ambition.* Mary Ellen Chase. New York: W. W. Norton and Co., Inc., 1960.

*The Lovely Ambition* is too calm a book to ever become a best-seller. The anonymous narrator of the story is the daughter of a Methodist minister. Ostensibly she writes of her father, a man whose lofty simplicity shapes the world about him. His loving, practical wife cushions his absent-minded abstractedness in her observation to her children:

I won't pretend that I always understood just what that everything was but I hope I had the sense to see that it was all that matters.

Mary Ellen Chase writes poetic prose, particularly when indulging in descriptions of England. Many readers will find that her style produces a lulling effect and even boredom. The "lovely ambition" itself is never adequately dramatized in the narrative action. What Mary Ellen Chase tries to say is that this minister's life is directed by that desire to achieve the undefined quality inherent in everyone.

Although there is a thread of mystery woven into the story, it is predominantly placid in character. Some readers will stop before the finish. Others will read and reread this book and perhaps label it "classic" in a quiet way.

Joyce Marie Santino, '61

*The Conversion of St. Augustine.* Msgr. Romano Guardini.  
Baltimore: Newman Press, 1960.

Monsignor Guardini states in the introduction to *The Conversion of Saint Augustine* that his is a new interpretation of this event. It is one that does not only consider Augustine's conversion as the record of an ethical-religious change from evil to good, from unbelief to belief, but also, as the psychological unfolding of a powerful but slightly confused ego; or as an acceptance of the "vita beata" of Hortensius, with the Christian element entering later. His interpretation encompasses the history of Augustine's thought; of his psychological processes; and of his groping for a spiritual foothold. Msgr. Guardini's is an interpretation not so limited in viewpoint as were earlier ones; it is more complex, more inclusive, and valuable.

The first section of the book is devoted to what Guardini calls an "analytical presentation" of Augustine's thought which is to serve as a basis for his interpretation. However, he succeeds in doing more than this, for he does not separate the ideas from the man but relates each idea to the effect it had on the personality, the actions, the spiritual search, and intellectual dissatisfactions of St. Augustine. In other words, Guardini presents Augustine the man. He gives us the key to the conversion itself: the essence of which is the spiritual, psychological, and intellectual development of Augustine, the man—the realization of self through a growing knowledge of God.

The second part of the book is concerned with the detailed analysis of St. Augustine's inner drama from the evidence contained in the text itself. Hence, he quotes extensively—a method which makes his assertions credible, valuable, for one can see their basis in the words of St. Augustine himself.

The book is a noteworthy study. There are, nevertheless, a few parts which seem vague, such as Guardini's explanation of the "heart" which he defines as the evaluating mind, as the mind warmed by values and then later, as the means whereby the mind permeates the world of senses.

Guardini's style is fitting for his subject matter. It catches the spirit of Augustine by its rhetorical quality and intellectual and emotional intensity. Guardini's presentation of the conversion and his interpretation of it makes a perceptive, critical, and quite successful study.

*Susan Dewey, '60*





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Cover design by Anne Rourke, '61



# The Modigliani Exhibit: Studies in Convention and Invention

*Rosemary Walker*

THE Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in its current presentation of the works of Amedeo Modigliani, has given the student of modern art an opportunity of viewing the stylistic evolution of this too-little appreciated twentieth century artist. This collection, assembled largely from private holdings, represents the development of Modigliani's art from his early years in Paris to the year of his too-early death, 1920.

It is regrettable that none of Modigliani's sculpture was included but since he worked mostly in oils, this corpus of over eighty drawings and oil paintings represents the essence of his art. In this exhibit neither landscapes, still life nor the suggestion of such as prop or background appear. Modigliani concentrated entirely on the portrayal of human beauty. His presentation of this beauty has been achieved by means of rich colors, simple forms and the rhythmic repetition of fluid, sinuous lines.

A cursory glance at Modigliani's art might leave one with the impression of striking similarity among all of the portraits. Simple, outlined figures appear over and over again in his art. His subjects are often posed in the same languid attitudes, resting at tables, heads tilted, hands and arms limp and blank eyes staring at the viewer. There is often a marked resemblance between these smooth, expressionless faces, balanced on elongated necks, and the clean-lined primitive sculpture which was just being introduced into Europe in the

early part of this century. If, however, Modigliani's work is related to primitive African art, it is just as closely related to early Italian art. The rich color, the linear quality, and the graceful slanting attitudes of the heads is reminiscent of the paintings of a great Renaissance master, Botticelli. The recognition of these two streams, the primitive and the traditional, in Modigliani's art makes us see his paintings in a different light while at the same time his works modify what preceded them. Modigliani's art is not then, what it might at first appear to be, a break with tradition, a completely new thing. Like all good modern art it expresses the artist's individual conception while it relates in some way to previous art. As T. S. Eliot says in *Tradition and the Individual Talent*, ". . . what happens when a new work of art is created is something that happens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it."

It is only Modigliani's later paintings which combine these two elements, for it was during the last decade of his life that Modigliani fully developed his distinctive style of painting. One of the most interesting aspects of the exhibition, therefore, is the opportunity it affords to study the artist's gradual development. We see in the earlier paintings a much more sombre coloring. In them dark blue and/or grey tones predominate. The experimenting which the young artist was doing is also quite evident. Some of the portraits seem like ventures into cubism, while others have an impressionistic quality. By 1915 the artist's style was moving toward its final stages. A painting such as "Portrait of Madeleine" seems to evidence the stylistic transitional period between the early and the late Modigliani. The dark tones still predominate, but the repeated use of graceful, flowing lines gives a suggestion of the artist's final stage. The two paintings of Jeanne Hebuterne are perhaps most indicative of Modigliani's late painting. Here both line and color have become

completely simplified. The blank eyes stare from a smooth enamel-like mask; the sinuous lines are constantly repeated, giving a unity and rhythm to the painting. The simplified forms are often sharply outlined, almost at times seeming to be cut out and placed against the cool, placid background. Modigliani has altered the color scheme too, for now glowing reds, blues, yellows, and ivories predominate, and the large flat areas of color add to the unity of the whole. The figures who people Modigliani's canvasses seem at once individual and yet universal. In the eradication of detail, faces lose identity and people become almost types. "The Servant Girl," for example, stands placid and resigned, the simple curve of her chin repeated in the line of her dress and again in the bend of her clasped hands.

The drawings represented in the exhibition show, perhaps even more dramatically than the paintings, Modigliani's powerful linear quality and mastery of expression. The studies of the sculptor, Jacques Lipschitz, illustrate Modigliani's ability to convey expression by using the barest essentials. The repeated studies of caryatids show Modigliani's subtlety of line and his interest in the beauty of forms. The perfect combination of these elements creates a whole which has an almost classic simplicity and balance, a "nothing too much" quality about them.

True art is the concealment of art, and in the drawings and paintings of Modigliani we find this principle continually at work. Suggestion takes the place of elaborate detail as the artist portrays expressiveness through apparent lack of expression.



# Angst

The unconscious conscious vision  
Of my own not-nothingness:  
Echoing long walk through  
Tomorrow, now, years ago  
In crystal time transparent,  
Complex crystal—rigid . . .  
Slow progression of forms  
Weaving through night mist:  
Lonely search to know  
The point of fusion;  
Occasional almost willing  
Of the necessary heat.

*Ellen McCarthy, '61*

## Semper in Medias Res

And so the scepter sways . . .  
Blue star-spangled silk  
Rips on the rock, shreds  
Itself on rosebush thorns,  
Mutates into fields of flags  
Soon buried in blue light.  
In Bosworth Field the briars grow . . .  
Prick pratted Richard  
Probing for the crushed petals  
Of the mandate.

Apollo, Peter and the angels  
Have sunk in the west.  
Will the lights burn blue forever?

*Ellen McCarthy, '61*

# Où Vais - je

*Elinor Bowes, '61*

DAY was shadowing into a sullen gray dusk. The drab color seeped slowly across the sky and down over week-old snow and settled there . . . gray, dirty, and lifeless. Linda walked along the slushy street feeling the heavy sky pressing down on her. Her arms ached from the books she carried. She wished she were free of them and the dull grayness that surrounded her. She passed the red and blue mail-box and turned the corner of Manitou Road . . . home was just a few minutes away. Baker's black-shuttered house, the dead oak tree, the empty lot, Wilson's stone wall, and then she would be home. It would be good to get into the house and away from the cold. Linda hated this part of the day. The sun disappeared; everything looked sad, ugly, and cold. And she always felt like an outsider . . . as though she didn't belong to the world or to anything, or any one, but was looking through a smutty lace curtain screening a dirty window. That's why she was glad to be going home. The thought of having somewhere to go . . . some place warm made her quicken her steps. She turned into the walk that led to her front porch and climbed the icy steps. When she reached the door, she struggled trying to open it with one hand, while balancing her books with the other. The hiss of the radiator in the hall whispered heat and warmth to her as she escaped from the cold gray air outside. She kicked off her boots, shoved them in a corner, and turned the knob of the inside door. It was locked. Of course. Her mother was still at work and her father certainly wouldn't be home this early either. She

reached for the key under the rug. Her heavy English book dropped from the bottom of the pile. Its white pages spread across the muddy circle her boots had made on the rug. She knew that when she picked it up, the pages would be wrinkled and muddied. It wouldn't have happened if the door had been open. She put the key in the lock and turned it, but there was no answering click. Finally she pulled the door toward her, and the key turned in the lock. There was a trick to opening that door and every night she spent minutes struggling before she finally remembered it. Just like she always seemed to forget there'd be no one home . . . until she found the door locked. At least she was home and her mother and father would be coming soon. She gathered up her books, went in through the large living room and into her bedroom. Everything there was as she had left it that morning. Everything in the house was just the same. And it was quiet.

Linda put her books on her desk and flung her coat across the bed. The coldness was slipping reluctantly from her shoulders. She wished she could cast it off as casually as she had her coat. Maybe the kitchen would be warmer. There'd be the dinner to start, anyway, and it was getting late. The shades on the kitchen windows were half way up allowing the sullen sky to seep in and cover the room in the same way it had spread itself over the snow. Linda didn't want the warmth of the kitchen to be driven away. She drew the shades and snapped on the light. The glow of the light was like the sun. It seemed to seep up the chill in the room. In a while she would be warm . . . when everyone was home. It was a silly idea she had, but Linda always expected it to be warmer and even brighter when other people were in the house. While she peeled the potatoes for dinner, she thought and she waited . . . for her mother and father to come and for the chill to disappear entirely from the house.



She heard her mother's quick footsteps in the hall. The door opened and closed and then her mother was in the kitchen with her, inquiring as usual:

"Did you put the potatoes on?"

"Yes, they'll be ready in a few minutes."

She knew exactly what her mother would say next, and she waited for her to say it.

"It's cold in here. Did you turn the heat up?"

"No, I thought it was just the cold from outside."

She watched as her mother turned the knob on the thermostat. But suddenly it seemed as though it would never get warm.

"I went to the museum today."

Linda tried to sound casual as she spoke, but somehow in this kitchen, in this house, the words sounded planned. They hardly seemed to be coming from the Linda who had lived in this house and family for so long.

"Didn't you have school today?"

"Yes, but I went in my free hours."

She knew her mother didn't really understand the way her classes were arranged. Her mother thought she had the same subjects at the same hour every day, just as in high school. And Linda never could explain how she went to school or even why.

"I saw the three new Gauguins they have . . . ."

Linda wanted to go on . . . to tell her mother about the warm yellows and vivid oranges she saw in these paintings, and how they seemed more real to her than the snow outside. But she only said, "I like Gauguin."

"Who is he? Someone you're studying in school? I don't know why they make you go out on such cold days."

Linda answered almost as though she were explaining to herself.

"I wanted to go. I just wanted to. I like Gauguin; and these are new additions, so I just went."

She knew her mother would accept this reason in the same way she always accepted what Linda did or said. Yet she felt she must say these things just because she wanted to say them out loud to someone. She went to the window and pulled up the shade. It was almost dark, but she could see the lighted kitchen reflected in the glass. Her mother was near the stove, and in the window it looked as though she were standing against a backdrop of gray snow.

Linda shivered a little, then turned to find the woman in the glass smiling at her.

"Your father should be coming. Will you set the table?"

Her father . . . . Funny, Linda knew just what he would say when he came in the door. She knew, too, what she would say. She'd try to talk . . . about Gauguin . . . and his colors—his beautiful colors, and the warmth of his paintings.

She'd try to describe all that she loved about them . . . but she wouldn't really be talking to her father. To please her, he would listen—just as her mother did. She would keep telling them . . . about herself, really, hoping they would understand. And they would answer her and smile and be glad she liked school so much.

She heard her father's footsteps on the porch. He was coming inside. As he opened the door, the cold gray air crawled in and wrapped itself around her.





“PAT! Will you please stop fiddling with your beans and eat!”

“I’m just not hungry, Mom.” Pat sighed and scowled at the reminder that had snapped her from her thoughts. Could she never find a moment to herself, she wondered, as she pushed her fork through the mass of Boston baked beans. Pat had always hated this ritual of eating the traditional Saturday night New England dinner, but tonight a stronger annoyance flared within her.

“Is Jim coming over tonight?” her mother asked.

“Yup.”

“You sound as though you didn’t want him to come.”

Pat wondered at her mother’s last remark. She did want Jim to come. She always wanted Jim to come, but a peculiar melancholy invaded her thoughts and she could not explain it. Pat loved Jim. She was *in* love with him too, which had more meaning—it was the kind of love that could last forever. She thought of him always, even when she was not thinking of him. And the hours that separated them limped by, while the hours they spent together never seemed long.

“Well, you do want him to come, don’t you?” her mother again intruded.

“Of course,” Pat mumbled and returned to toying with the beans.

“What’s the matter then?”

“Nothing, Mom. I’m just not hungry.” She could not explain it, not to herself and especially not to her mother. And with a sigh she pushed the beans aside.

“I can’t eat them, Mom.”

“All right. Go upstairs and get ready.”

Pat looked forward to this night and as she buttoned the grey cardigan the thoughts of supper drifted away. Tonight

was a special night, not like the others but, of course, just like the others. It was their anniversary, and they would be happy. They would laugh and joke, and he would pinch her nose and say it was cute. And they would go to the dome at the park and listen as their voices echoed into the lake. And the car would sputter and spit and finally with a rattle and a clank, it would wiggle to a stop. But she would take off her loafer and hit the left front fender with it, and everything would be all right again—everything would be all right again. Startled into reality by the ring of the doorbell, she slipped into her duffer.

"You're early," she smiled.

"A little," Jim said and he took her hand. "We'll be back at twelve, Mrs. Gorman," he called over his shoulder, and he led Pat to the '48 Ford.

"Come on, Bessie, come on." Jim prayed as he bit his lower lip, gazed at the ceiling and pushed the starter. Jim always did this. Like the Saturday night supper, it was a ritual. Bessie never started with the first try, however; she toyed with Jim's nerves for a while. Then, with a wink, she would clink and clatter, and finally wobble down the street with a sly grin. "She's a good little car," Jim always said, and despite her pranks and mischief, Pat had to agree. She could never picture Jim without her.

"Tonight's our anniversary, you know."

"Six months tonight."

"Six months, huh. That's not too long."

"Well, it's kind of long!" Pat exclaimed, on the offensive or defensive, she couldn't decide. "Six months—" she mused, "Well, it's kind of long."

"My brother and his girl have been going together for two years. Now that's what I call long!"

"I suppose. My mother and father went together for four years before they got married."

"No kidding! That's an awful long time!"

"We'll get there," Pat said. Jim swallowed a "Yea" and pressed the gas pedal.

"Hey, let up on the gas, Charlie! I'd hate to have you singing 'Teen Angel' or something," she cautioned and chuckled at her own remark.

"I'm taking you some place new tonight, Pat," Jim said, smiling, yet intent on the driving.

"Some place new? I thought you'd go to the dome or something."

"Naw. That's kid stuff. We don't want to go there anymore. I'm getting sick of hearing my voice twice in a row. Jeepers' crow! I feel like a jerk in that place!"

"You never told me—"

"Well, you seemed to like it. I couldn't spoil your fun all the time. But gee, it gives you the creeps after a while, doesn't it?"

"I never—"

"Sure it does. You say 'Jim O'Toole' and the dome says, 'Jim O'Toole, Jim O'Toole, Jim O'Toole.' A fellow can get sick of that, you know. Anyhow, you're going to like this place," he added without annoyance.

Jim's surprise was the Café Medici, a coffee house. At first Pat was excited with the newness and the seeming evil of the atmosphere. A glaring red light swung high over a dingy carpet in the center of the room. When Pat's eyes pierced the screen of cigarette smoke she saw the ivy leaguers haunched on pillows scattered over the carpet. They were listening to a lean, sneaker-shod, bearded beat chanting in a monotone to the accompaniment of a twanging guitar. Jim dropped onto a cushion. Pat eased down beside him.

"This is great!" he said, clapping his hands together in a show of good will.

Despite its fancy name, the coffee was the worst Pat had



ever tasted. She reminded herself that she really couldn't judge. She didn't like coffee at all, ever, but this—Espresso—was horrible!

"They make this stuff with mud." Jim gulped and squinched his face. "It's awful. The music's pretty good though," he added.

"He looks underfed if you ask me."

"All beatniks look underfed. It's part of the show," he shrugged, as though imparting superior knowledge.

"That guitar sounds like a Japanese ukelele—Jim," she whined, "Why don't we go?"

"Come on, Pat. I'm having a good time. If I can put up with your echoes you can put up with my Japanese ukeleles." Once again Jim turned his attention to the singing idol.

Pat had never considered the dome ridiculous. It was their own special place—no one knew of the dome. They had found it together and it was theirs alone. The walk along the lake was not theirs, the pebbles and the sand scrunched under the footsteps of others; the buttercups cast shadows under other chins and the wild roses that grew beside the path pricked other passers-by. But the dome belonged to them. Not like the coffee house filled with the words and laughter of others. This was not theirs. They could not sit and talk here, or throw pebbles into the lake and watch the ripples circle away from them.

"I like the dome." Pat pouted to herself.

Jim turned and looked into Pat's brown eyes—swamp water brown, he thought, and he smiled.

"I like the dome too, Pat," he whispered putting his arm around her shoulder. "But we want to do other things. That's a great place to go and talk, but not every time we go out. We have friends, places to go, things to do. So let's do them, and let's do them together."

Pat slouched against the wall annoyed and confused.

"We still have the dome, Pat, but let's do something new, something different every time we go out."

Pat stared and toyed with the black leather gloves in her hand. She would always like the dome, the wonderful memories she had, the smiles and the sighs . . . but she could not forget the rest of the world. Jim was right, she supposed; they did have places to go, she shouldn't be so jerky. . . .

"I guess I'm selfish," she sighed with reluctance, but Jim was talking to someone else.

"Hey, Pat, I'd like you to meet . . ."

That night the car did not break down; she did not have to whack the front fender with her loafer. And Jim did not pinch her nose and say it was cute. And everything was all right.

*Ann Harrington, '62*

## Silence

lulls the mind  
into a sleep-warmed cocoon  
or  
wakens whirlwind thoughts  
black-golden, crimson and opaline;  
begs to be shattered—  
screeching 'round  
a self-conscious room.

Wordlessly it speaks—  
"I hate you."  
"I love you."

*Eileen Shea, '62*





# Gone, Given Long Away

Marian McDonnell, '61

THIS is a woman's story; there is no getting around it. She would have had me apologize for that once, before the sea had lapped against her. But she knows now that it is not a matter for apology, this being a woman . . . not in itself. She knows too that a story must be told, not just glimpsed sometimes, beneath a brimming wave, or in an ebbing glance. And now, this being an ending, (or perhaps *the* ending, for only she can say, although we may know what should be); now she wants to tell her story, as it happened, as it happened to her, Marietta, in the year which has just at this moment, fallen heavily and soundlessly into the sea.

The place was, and still is for that matter, in spite of what has happened to Marietta, a fishing village. That which is true of all fishing villages is all you need to know about it, nothing more. For the yellow sun comes reeling in the morning, and the people quicken, pulling on the colors of the place—yellow, of the yellow sun and yellow beaches, and of Ramon LaGasse's yellow schooner, *Le Rondeau*, when she is at anchor in the harbor—and blue, blue of course, of the sky and of fish scales, and of the legs and feet of gulls, forking and sucking at the shore—and red, the terrible red which is never there until you see it, and then is everywhere, so that you can see nothing else but red, and it is red which makes you die. Oh, and yes, Marietta says to say that red is the color of the sea.

It is in this village that Marietta lives, or a village very much like it. It is the same village where she has spent her lifetime, meaning that a year ago she lived here, when she

was twenty, when she knew nothing of red, but much of blue and yellow, when she was simply Marietta, and when being Marietta had been enough.

A year ago, almost to the day, people knew Marietta, and she did not mind, because the Marietta people knew was the only one to know, the only one who had been introduced. She was dependable, that girl, and obedient and courteous and religious and good. They all said so. And some there were who knew she never cried; and everyone knew that she laughed the girls and snapped the boys and seldom did anything silly. She was independent. She was proud. She was Marietta.

But the strangest thing, or so it seems to me, is that she herself believed it. It was like the red in the village . . . never there until you brush your skirts against it. So, even though she sang silver nets when no-one was at home to listen and to wonder; even though she stood, alone, on the night-rocks, and thought how delicious it would be to cry; even though she danced, sometimes, on the bare sand whenever the darkness was weeping; still, Marietta was Marietta . . . and there is no mystery in that . . . or none that I have heard of.

But all of that was in the blue and yellow days, before minnows grew the teeth of sharks, or the brine began to sting the welshed beach. Now the telling time is come, and I say to Marietta that she must begin, and that yes, I will help her. I say to her, too, that it is a good thing and needed, this telling—and she nods her head—and I mark again how she has grown . . . .

It was all over April, when the sky and sun were everywhere together, laughing, even in the kitchens. The men were not yet back from the morning's fishing, so the world was yet a woman's world, and the laughter the rare, real

sound of women unobserved. Marietta hummed through her back doorway, carrying a clothesbasket, knowing exactly what had to be done. Had someone asked her, as she wrestled the slapping wet sheets, one by one, onto the line, "Marietta, are you happy?," she would have stretched and breathed, and answered, shining, "Yes!"

The basket empty, Marietta drew her hands across her orange skirts, quickly, to dry them. Her eyes skimmed the bluffs and dipped to the sea. The tide was out, the day half gone.

"Marietta!"

She swung the basket by one handle, and goated the pebbled yard leading to the cottage.

"Yes, Mamma."

Anna Santos filled the doorway with the bulk of her round excitement.

"Marietta, that boy is here . . . here in the front room . . . Luis . . . Alfredo's friend . . . the one from San Dominique!"

For no reason, none at all, Marietta's heart pounded in her ears.

"Well, what is there in that to become excited about?" She brushed past her mother and set the clothesbasket on the kitchen floor. "What does he want?"

"He is looking for Alfredo."

"Alfredo is not at home. Tell him so."

"Go in and speak with him, Marietta. He is a nice boy."

Marietta looked at her mother, beaming encouragement, her golden ear-hoops trembling with each vigorous, prodding nod. Annoyance welled up in her, drowning the small, sick pounding.

"Such a big commotion over nothing, Mamma. Do you think he has come to ask for my hand, this great blow-fish from San Dominique? Is he such a wonder, for you to become as helpless as a reed in a hurricane? He must have



changed some, since last I saw him. Where is he, this marvel? I will speak to him!"

"Marietta! He will hear you!"

"Let him!" Flashing, she left her mother behind in the kitchen . . . her mother, Anna Santos, who stood by the windows which look at the sea. She seemed sad somehow, and very wise . . . but she was smiling.

Marietta swept into the front room . . . a gust of wind on a calm day. There is not much to say about Marietta's front room. That which is true of all front rooms in fishing cottages is all you need to know about it. They are small, these rooms, with four chairs, sometimes five, and a table with a dish upon it (Marietta's is a green dish, with red roses, or they seem to be roses, around the edge), poor lighting (except in the daytime, just before noon), perhaps a couch with a knitted afghan, and a chest.

Luis Mediros sat on the couch, easily, his eyes laughing at everyone and no one, but with never a smile for himself. Those eyes of his, brown ones, as hard as abalone, as difficult to catch and dangerous to hold as devilfish, weighed, questioned, challenged her as she entered.

"Alfredo is not at home." She stood, unsmiling, glad yet angry that she could not smile. "Alfredo is never at home while the sun and the tide are strong. You would think that a fisherman would know this."

He looked at her, noticing again the blackness of the braid which swept across her shoulder . . . telling her, without words, that he noticed.

"I am a fisherman. You are right . . . I know this."

Her heart crashed, and was silent. She became calm, so that only her body was shaking. He sees this, she thought. He sees that my hands quiver like leaves in the heat of the

evening. Marietta tossed her braid to the back, and Luis felt that she might have slapped him with it.

"Do you have so much time, then, that you can visit people whom you know to be not at home? How do they spare you from San Dominique?"

He, too, was angry, but he would not show her this.

"Sit down Marietta. I will not make you bite, then reel you in, to be eaten. It is you that I have come to see."

Her smile came suddenly, a surprise to both of them. She sat down, in the chair by the corner.

"You would not eat me. You would stuff me, and mount me, like the tourists do their prizes, and hang me on your wall, with the others."

She laughed, and that was her undoing, for he would not have said that she would laugh. She would not be pinned, and labeled, this butterfly . . . but that is absurd. There is a label for every butterfly, and a pin to hold it.

"What is it that you want of me, great fisherman of San Dominique?"

And so it came about, in just that way, that Marietta said goodbye to blue and yellow, and placed herself where red was sure to find her. And she would not know the smell of it, nor sense it . . . and she would stoop to pick it up.



I have said to Marietta that she does not have to tell us all, for the days and the darkneses are hers to think about, and

not to share. But some things there are that we must know. And so she sits here beside me, and holds to her ear, like a pink-silvered murmuring-shell, the year which has just passed, the year so long ago, the year which the silent sea has swallowed. Now, in the shell, April's laughter fades, and the song of May—and sighing; it is June.

"Marietta, Marietta, Marietta . . . ." He said it like the wind, with sadness in it, but it was warm. They were sitting on the smooth, flat rocks near the cove, and the sky-black sea was wet with phosphorescence. Luis looked at her, at her eyes, the color of plums in August . . . .

"What is to become of me?" he said. She turned to him, her glance as gentle as moonlight.

"You will become whatever you choose to be. It waits only for you to say."

"You always say this . . . . 'You will become whatever you choose to be.' And I believe it, when you say it to me, Marietta. You are not like other girls."

"I have no wish to be like other girls. Girls annoy me." She laughed, amused at herself.

"But boys annoy you as well." Luis smiled. "You are exceptionally difficult to please."

"Boys—they anger me. They could be so much, being men—and they waste themselves, on women, on weakness, until they themselves are no better than women." Marietta snapped her braid, and it struck at the darkness. "Were I a man, I would show them what being a man could be!"

She stopped, and lowered her head, tracing patterns in the sand with her finger.

"But I am not a man," she whispered. "Luis, what will become of *me*?"

More softly than the petals which fell, just then, from



a thousand boughs on a hundred trees, he put his arms around her.

"For now, at least, you will be my love, and we will not think about tomorrow."

Marietta found his eyes, and they were no longer laughing, nor dangerous, not hard as abalone. They held her, as his arms did, and she eased against him.

"I will be your love, Luis." And her first tear fell, and spread into a spill of stars.

He kissed her. His lips were warm . . . her many questions answered.



That was June, and then there was July. In the murmuring-shell, July has the sound of dragonflies, busy, humming. Luis was busy . . . busy with fishing and dancing, with laughing and mounting the girls as trophies. But Marietta too, was busy. There is always much to be done, thank God. Yet often she saw Luis, and he would tell her of his dreamings, and sometimes, to impress her, of his dancings. And always she would listen, and sometimes she would laugh.

That was July . . . the dragonflies. August has its own sound. It is the sound of ripening peaches; the color of blushing gold. It is the sound too, of a tidal wave, as it draws its first red breath, a million miles from shore.

And then it is September.

"Marietta!"

"Yes Mamma."

"Luis is here to see you."

Marietta set down the dishcloth, and went quickly into the back room. She took up her newest dress, the burning shade of candle-flame.

"I will be there in a minute, Mamma."

Marietta unbraided her hair, and let it fall, in its freedom, around her shoulders. She smiled to herself, at the small, sick pounding.

Luis was sitting on the couch in the front room, across from her mother. His eyes softened as she entered, and her heart crashed, and was silent. Mrs. Santos arose, her ear-hoops nodding in blind approval.

"Well, the supper dishes will not do themselves." She hummed as she went into the kitchen.

After a while, of speaking about nothing at all, Luis took Marietta's hand, and brought her beside him, onto the couch.

"Marietta," he began; "I have something to tell you . . . something which I do not wish to say."

It is strange, that at his words the sea did not freeze over, nor the moon shiver, and swallow itself for warmth . . . but neither of these things came to pass. Somehow, the words of Luis had been prepared for, from the beginning; perhaps from the beginning of time. Marietta sat, watching herself as we now watch her; feeling, but as we feel . . . outside, having known this was to come.

"I am leaving, Marietta. I am going away."

I think that we can spare her this . . . the telling of that evening . . . for it is not a necessary part of our concern. But wait, Marietta herself says that she would rather have us hear . . . at least some of the words of September.

"Where is it that you shall go, Luis?"

"I go to become what I must be." There was truth in his

eyes, and pain. "The sea calls to me, Marietta. You have known this. She will take my fears, and make a man of them."

Marietta smiled. Her words were pain, and true.

"As she has taken mine, and made a woman."

Luis looked at her, a look with which to remember.

"You can be very beautiful, Marietta. You should let your hair fall free, like this, around your shoulders."

She laughed at him. A man can be so stupid.

"Yes," she said. "I know."

He did not understand her . . . this butterfly. There was not a label made to fit her, and the pin . . . so far away, so great a price, perhaps not even there.

"Will you remember, always, that I love you, Marietta? And will you dream of me?"

"I will think of you, always . . . for thinking is more real, Luis, than dreaming. And I will love you." She could not say more: a woman knows there is no more to say.

And so it was . . . the parting. But that was not the ending. Perhaps it should have been, but who are we to say what things should be. Three months passed, and Luis was home again . . . to board a different ship—a greater one—one which would take him to the dawnings of the sunset.

It was in December, when the sea ran redder than the blood of marlin, and tore itself on rocks more sharp than teeth, that the story began again from the beginning. It would tire Marietta to repeat it . . . for that matter, it would tire me. Let us just say that a red sea shows no mercy; that you cannot close your ears, even in a murmuring-shell, to the crash of its sounding; and that it lashes the smooth, flat rocks near the cove. Let us say too, that the words of a woman do not change.



"I will think of you, always . . . for thinking is more real, Luis, than dreaming. And I will love you." Marietta could not say more: a woman knows there is no more to say.



Well, that is that, or so it seems to me. It is a woman's story, there is no getting around it. Marietta sits beside me here, in a blue dress with yellow binding, her hair falling free around her shoulders. She asks me to thank you for your patience, and she smiles, and says that you must be a woman, to have waited. She thanks me, too, and tells me she must leave now . . . there is always much to be done, thank God.

Marietta goes out into the village, and she is singing. She stops to laugh with the girls, and to flirt with the boys, and to do some little thing that is silly. Her eyes skim the bluffs, and dip to the sea. She is independent. She is proud. She is Marietta. And there is no mystery in that . . . or none that I have heard of.



# The Break

*Theresa Adario, '62*

“GET off my back, will ya, Ma?”

Joe slammed the back door and disappeared into the confines of his cream sedan. The scream of brakes and the holes in the muffler announced his arrival at Dobie's Deli. Two teenagers met Joe at the door.

“Make way for the Duke of Danger.” A low curtsy accented the title.

“Cut the comedy, Dancer! The cops picked up Pat this afternoon.”

Dancer's eyes froze while his mocking smile cut more deeply into his face. He stared silently at Joe.

“What do you mean? I saw him in shop class today, Joe. Didn't get a chance to talk to him, but I know he was there.”

“Look, Bobo, Pat might have been in school today but I know the cops picked him up.” Joe did not bother turning to answer the slight boy. He threw the answer at random.

By unspoken general agreement, the three made their way through the dancing couples to their usual seats in the corner booth. From the back, only Dancer's appearance could be distinguished. His right foot, twisted from birth, caused him to limp across the floor toward an audience of curious eyes. Dancer always emphasized the limp for the benefit of his tormenters.

“The old man was telling Ma about the arrest at supper. He's big stuff now. If it wasn't for him, Pat wouldn't be in jail.” Joe accented his father's name with a loud crack of the knuckles.

“What's with that guy, anyway?” Dancer's contempt was obvious.







"He likes to feel big," Joe spit out in disgust. "The easiest way to feel big is to act big, especially if you have a blue monkey suit to hide behind."

"I gotta admit it, Joe, I never thought he'd go through with it. He's threatened a lot of things but I never thought he'd go through with it." Bobo's dull eyes stared at Joe in disbelief.

"OK, let's forget it. Let's get down to business. Pat had nothing to do with the break and you know it." Joe's eyes glided across Bobo's face and were caught by Dancer's eternal grin.

"Damn it, Dancer, change that face of yours, will ya?"

"What's the trouble, baby? So the air is gettin' a little warm. Long as it isn't hot, you're not gonna see me sweat."

"Pat's been arrested for something we did, Dancer. Doesn't that bother you at all?"

"Don't worry, baby, he'll be out. They can't convict an innocent man. Isn't that what our Uncle Sam claims? You're forgetting something, baby, this is America . . . where the good pursue happiness, not end up in jail." Dancer punctuated his comments with the nickels he stuffed into the juke box. The buttons he pressed were all for fast records. It was always fun to watch the dancers make fools of themselves.

"I don't like this, Joe," Bobo was always the last to grasp a situation, "Pat was like my own brother."

"Cain and Abel, baby! Ever hear of them? They were brothers too." It was hard to tell if Dancer's low laughter was at his own wit or at the expense of the kids on the floor.

The four boys had hung around together for years. This would be their first split-up. They had to get Pat out of this mess. Joe knew the only thing that would bother the old man would be his loss of glory. But Joe was ashamed for

Ma. She had sensed something was wrong when he left the house.

The three left the Deli with nothing decided. Bobo was waiting to be led, Dancer . . . content, and Joe confused.

Joe sat behind the wheel of the sedan and fingered the black, rubber skull that hung from the rear view mirror. If only Pat had squealed on them, there would be no decisions to make. But Pat was never a stool pigeon.

The car rolled along Dapper Street seeming intent on no direction. Some clothes still hung on the lines of the six-family buildings. Darkness was settling in all the corners of the city. Pat would probably get a warning. But the scandal, the scandal was more important.

The break had been a big joke the guys thought up to cut the monotony of a Thursday night. They didn't take anything. They only broke in and wrote on the blackboard. The teachers were mad, to say nothing of big man Davis and the school committee.

Joe slammed down on the brakes as a big transport truck zoomed in front of him. A few more seconds and I wouldn't have had any problems, he thought.

Dancer was the problem. If he and Joe turned themselves in, Bobo would be sure to follow. But Dancer had developed a hard coating lately. Even the mocking and ape-walks of the other guys couldn't get a reaction out of him. Now Dancer would stiffen and that smile would come across his face, that smile of silent ridicule. Ironically, although Pat seemed to understand Dancer the best, he was always at the butt end of Dancer's cutting smiles. Still, Pat always stood by Dancer.

The streets were much darker now. Joe knew where he was going, though. He wouldn't let Pat take the blame for something he had done. Even Bobo would probably show

up when word got around. Only Dancer . . . Dancer would smile at the suckers who turned themselves in.

The station was quiet. The cop at the desk recognized Joe as the old man's son. This wouldn't be easy. Joe ignored the friendly greeting from behind the desk and simply asked, "How do I go about giving myself up?"

The first shocked expression was quickly replaced by routine questions. The question mark on the policeman's face faded as Joe proceeded to tell all about the break in order to clear Pat. As soon as Joe mentioned the name of the school and the night, the blue uniform stared intently at Joe and asked, "What is this, kid, some kind of a joke?"

He didn't wait for an answer as he picked up the telephone and called another part of the station. "We'll get this thing straightened out."

Soon a door opened and the officer made a short gesture toward Dancer, who was coming through it by the side of another blue uniform.

The questions were longer and more involved this time, but easier to answer. Finally, when they were over, Dancer looked at Joe for the first time. His mocking grin was the perfect frame for, "What took you so long, baby?"





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*Sister Mary Antanina, F.M.M., '61*

*Setting: Before the house of Lai-Nam family. The front of the house is suggested by a pattern of light and dark panels and screens. There are four or five steps, extending along the whole length of the house. The top step forms a kind of narrow porch around the house. On the porch, in a dark carved chair, the seated figure of Grandfather is seen in profile. It has a quaint, picture-like appearance against the amber screen, framed by dark patterns of slender cross-beams and smaller panels. The foreground is bare except for a small stone garden bench on the left. A group of men in their working clothes, with farming tools in their hands, come in from the left front of the stage.*

## Prologue

### CHORUS OF MEN:

Spring is coming with its rains.  
The river grows higher.  
There is expectation in the air  
Of new life, and of new planting.  
But Lai-Nam's house is expecting death  
As we pass on our way to work.  
We shall plant new life in deep rich soil,  
While death is sure to come unexpectedly,  
But long foreseen,  
For the old Lee Lai-Nam.  
Our life is just a question of simple living,  
And of simple dying, when that is finished.  
We are much like our rice and our corn,  
Planted, tilled and harvested in season.  
There is peace in foreknowledge  
Of this calm circle.  
The circle is between man and nature;  
The circle is between life and death,  
Not to be broken arbitrarily.

*(As they cross the stage and go off to the right side, Cheng enters, crosses the stage from the left and stands at the right front of the stage looking out thoughtfully. He is a tall young man of about twenty-five, with a sensitive oriental face and a strong chin. Pang Wai Ling, Cheng's wife, enters from left, walks up to him quietly, and stands at his right side, perhaps a foot behind him. Her face is small and very young, set off by thick black hair, but she is not beautiful. She is wearing loose, colorful Chinese robes.)*

CHENG *(without turning)* :

Grandfather is going to die soon.

PANG: And soon our son will be born.

CHENG: Just so.

Summer and winter,

Light and dark;

Somewhere and nowhere;

Night must go before dawn may come,

Old roots pulled up

Before new corn can be planted

In the same soil forever.

One almost begins to believe

It has been so forever

And cannot be changed.

PANG: It has always been so.

CHENG *(seeming not to hear her)* :

One always has to keep looking back

At the past,

As if no meaning could be found

In the present.

PANG: My husband has been thinking again

About the fresh valley

Some miles down the river.

CHENG: Times of noble men,

Of the wise;



Times that did not carry thieves  
And cheating merchants in its stream;  
These times are always in the past.  
All our worth is in the past.  
We are worthless offshoots  
Until we ourselves drift into the past  
To become frail, dying grandfathers,  
Venerated for wisdom and age  
In fragile armchairs.

PANG: And my husband has been thinking again  
About the white piles of lumber  
Under the black poplars.

CHENG (*as if awakened, turning sharply to Pang*):  
And my wife has come again  
To accuse me.  
It is you, and me, and our son  
That I am thinking of,  
Pang Wai Ling.  
Can I help, if the idea  
Is not to your taste?

(*walks away from her, across the stage to right*)

PANG (*quietly, trying not to show the hurt*):  
When two stars are set side by side  
To shine so forever,  
One does not complain of the other.  
Pang Wai Ling does not complain  
Of the other star.

CHENG: But your eyes do.

PANG (*walks up to him quietly*):  
Grandfather is dying.

CHENG: That is just the reason;  
The reason why I would have you quiet,  
Not speaking of that lumber!  
It would upset the whole household

Like a beetle in a beehive,  
And grandfather so close  
To the end of his numbered days.  
We are not going, remember;  
We are not going anywhere  
Until he has left us peacefully  
For the land of rewards.

PANG: And until our son is born.

CHENG: It is for him that we will go.  
But not yet.

So do not speak of this any more,  
And do not look so—(*stops abruptly, changes  
to sudden repentance at being so gruff to her*)

Speak, Pang Wai Ling,  
Let me hear you speak,  
Sit down here, and speak  
Of anything, anything at all;  
You have been too quiet these days,  
You do not say  
It is I who have made you so.

PANG (*sits, smiles up at Cheng*):

Shall I tell you then  
How the early plum-blossoms are beginning to  
bloom  
In our garden by the old stone well?  
They are so early this spring  
And the frost is not gone yet.  
I am afraid they may be blighted.

CHENG: Yes, Pang, tell me about the early plum-  
blossoms;  
Tell me about our own plum-blossom  
That will come  
When the sun is a little higher.

PANG: Our own? Oh, his face will be little

And soft, as a white petal;  
His hair—black as the bark of the plum-  
tree;  
His eyes as deep waters  
In the old stone-well.  
His small fingers will cling to your own  
Like spring sunbeams.  
The neighbors will say:  
A son is given to them,  
A blessing to the house of Lai-Nam,  
He is growing to be like his father.

*(Enter Cheng's father. He is a middle-aged man, thin and wiry, with an air of formality and exactness about him. Pang stands up quickly.)*

FATHER: My son  
You will not mind  
If I ask you a question  
Concerning a rather mysterious matter.  
I hope you can answer me  
To my satisfaction.

CHENG *(turning to his father with a slight bow)* :  
I shall try to answer, my father,  
If I can.

FATHER *(he walks to the middle of the stage, and as he speaks, he does not look at Cheng, but straight before him. His voice has a casual and personal ring)* :

There is a large amount of lumber  
By the black poplars,  
At the bottom of the hill.  
No one seems to have any knowledge  
Of where it came from  
Or why it is there.

CHENG: It came from the lumber merchants.  
It is mine.



FATHER (*looks suspiciously at Cheng*):

Yours!

You have not mentioned

Anything of it to me.

I did not think we needed any repairs

Around our house.

CHENG: We don't.

FATHER: So—you just bought it

For yourself?

CHENG: I had the money

To pay for it.

FATHER: What will you build with it,

Since now it is yours?

We cannot have a new addition,

And spoil our garden.

Besides, our house is large enough

For five more families.

CHENG: My father,

You asked me for answer to one question;

Now you make me answer twenty.

I am afraid, none will be quite

To your satisfaction.

FATHER: You have some plans

You do not want to tell me.

CHENG: Yes, plans for my family.

That is all.

I did not wish disturbance

During last days of life

For grandfather. But now,

Since you want to know,

I will speak.

I plan to leave this house

And build a home in the valley.

FATHER: So this is the meaning of it all!

You and your dreams,  
Ideas, strange plans!  
Breaking down bit by bit  
Each family tradition,  
Until you feel yourself unhinged  
From all obligations, all ties,  
As if there were no more  
Fathers to be respected,  
Sons to live in harmony with!  
And your wife, I suppose,  
Has been your steady helper  
In your conspiracies?

PANG: I have been simply  
A faithful wife to your son.

CHENG: Father, she does not deserve blame!

FATHER: Oh, good and faithful!  
Tearing the love between father and son,  
Wedging in queer innovations  
To her own advantage.

CHENG: This is not true!  
She always respected our household;  
She loved tradition, large families,  
And all these things. My ideas hurt her.  
How can you call her a conspirator!

PANG (*straightening out, looks directly at father*):  
I have known Cheng's plan,  
And have kept silence  
As a wife should. You may call me  
His conspirator.

FATHER: Did not I tell you!

CHENG (*to Pang Wai Ling*):  
Men's argument is no place  
For a little woman.  
Please, take a walk to the garden,

Pang Wai Ling,  
And get some white plum-blossoms  
To put in the tall vase.  
Please go, Pang,  
The air is fresh there.

PANG: Somehow, I would rather stay, if I could,  
Where smoke burns one's eyes,  
Than walk the garden alone.

CHENG: But I wish you to go.

PANG: Then I will go.

*(Exit to the left. Both men look after her for a moment, then the father once more assumes a calm, self-controlled expression and his voice is very crisp and precise. He walks past Cheng as far as the bench where Pang Wai Ling had sat, then stops and turns with an authoritative air, his arms folded inside his sleeves.)*

FATHER: Now you will tell me  
A little more,  
And somewhat more clearly,  
Of your outrageous reasons  
For your more outrageous plans.

CHENG: Just to have you scoff at them?  
You have never looked at me  
As a man at man, Father.  
My thoughts were always  
Just empty clouds of dust  
To your sane judgment.  
What good can come  
From the last and the youngest,  
You said. Rather look and consider  
Weighty values of elders.  
You have been treated so yourself,  
Until your own hair turned gray  
And your grandfathers died.



*(He begins to walk back and forth, as if to keep up with his own thoughts. From time to time he stops and looks up at his father whose face again begins to show anger and impatience.)*

FATHER: I have never seen much harm  
In considering the wisdom  
Of our elders.

CHENG: Oh, I cannot go on living  
Like a stunted tree,  
Stopped in its growth,  
Twisted: my head turned in unnatural  
position  
Of looking backward.

FATHER: I think you are more twisted  
Than any of your trees  
In your perverseness!

CHENG: Are we all set on a wheel  
To turn forever in the same direction?  
Is there nothing of the wise, the good,  
The free, to spin us  
According to our proper mold and cast?  
Even children know how to play with their dolls  
better.  
They hug and carry some of them  
Under their arms.  
Others are lined up in rank and file, officially.  
But sometimes,  
Sometimes, they change the order around,  
Give them different roles,  
Because they care about their dolls  
And think enough of them.

FATHER *(abruptly)*:  
You talk nonsense—

An offense to human ears!

I would rather hear none of this!

CHENG (*now stands before his father looking directly at him and his voice is bitter*):

But it's too late.

Now you have made me speak  
And you must hear, my Father,  
What kind of thoughts  
Your son has!

FATHER: Thoughts of blasphemy!

CHENG: There is no blasphemy  
In the yearning of a human spirit.

FATHER: Yearning for disorder?

CHENG: Yearning for perfect liberty.  
Something which would set us apart  
From rocks and trees,  
And things that have no choice  
About their lot.

(*Enter Mother. She is a plump and kindly woman, her hair pushed back and braided in a tight knot, making her face appear very round and large.*)

FATHER: Most ungrateful of sons!  
Wife, you hear your own son  
Discontented with his lot.

MOTHER: Oh, what a thing to say!  
And what is it all about?  
Could it be that my husband and son  
Have not had their supper yet?

FATHER: I am afraid no supper  
Will settle this matter favorably.

MOTHER (*a little surprised*):  
And what is this matter  
So very mysterious?

FATHER: As I already said,  
Cheng has lost his liking  
For our home and, as he calls it,  
His lot.  
So he has decided to leave us  
And build himself a house elsewhere.  
He bought himself the lumber already  
To float it down the river.

MOTHER (*more surprised than before*):  
Cheng! Could you really mean it?

CHENG: Yes, Mother. (*His tone has a ring of finality in it  
and she is somewhat startled by it. She is at  
a loss to interpret it, then shakes her head good-  
naturedly, as if to shake off the unpleasantness  
that had momentarily disturbed her mind.*)

MOTHER: Oh, well, but you have always been  
My little dreamer!  
Remember, how you used to come to me,  
When others were still playing games downstairs,  
And it was your bedtime?  
You would lean on my knees  
And put your hands under your chin.  
Mamma, you said,  
I wish I'd grow tall as those poplars.  
Then I would pick many stars  
From the black sky  
And bring them to you.  
Every night you had something different.

CHENG: Please, Mother, not now . . .

FATHER: He is right, not now.  
Now he has grown to manhood  
And so have his dreams.  
They are no longer a pastime  
But a menace.



MOTHER (*She is once more disturbed by the tone of their voices*):

I see you two are very serious,  
And I must begin to believe you.  
How can I reconcile you?

CHENG (*bitterly, turning his face away*):

Mother, we are serious.

MOTHER: Then it means,  
You will break from your home  
And leave us? Cheng, how can you?  
And Grandfather dying?  
It is not like you at all!  
I do not believe it!  
I do not believe it!

CHENG: I will not offend Grandfather  
By leaving while he is still with us.

MOTHER: But you will offend us,  
Is that it?  
What can all this be about?  
What has happened? Cheng—  
My husband—(*She comes between them, as if to  
get a closer look at their faces. She is now  
completely at a loss to understand and her  
voice trails off in disbelief.*)

FATHER: His dreams have carried him far.  
He thinks, he cannot live like a man—  
Like a free man, he says—  
In our household.  
He is tired of looking at his elders,  
And his wife has spurred him on, I suppose.  
So he wants to be his own master.

MOTHER: He cannot live like a man?  
I have brought up five other sons.  
One could not find better men than they.





RRS



They are strong and good. Their name  
Is well known in the neighborhood.  
They have taken good wives,  
All of them,  
And our household is blessed  
With their children.  
Each has found his place  
And his freedom under this roof.

O my son, you are very wrong! (*She has turned to Cheng. He takes a few steps away, then looks at his parents. There is disappointment and regret in his words at first, then he is again enthusiastic, trying to convince them.*)

CHENG: You have not tried to understand me.  
I don't despise this house;  
I have nothing against it—  
It is dear to me. But don't you see,  
I have found it far beyond  
The turning wheel of nature.  
Man is more than a spoke in the wheel.  
Man has a mind like wings,  
To take him strange distance.  
Strange because they go far beyond  
Nature's immovable patterns.  
If man can do this,  
I mean, be greater than his limitations,  
Then there must be another order,  
A wise, intelligent pattern,  
Allowing for love, aspiration, hope.

MOTHER: Hope for what, my son?

CHENG (*softly*):

I don't quite know, but it is there.  
Perhaps—hope that I live for a purpose  
Which applies to me alone,



Individually; very specially my own  
Reason for being. Do you see?

FATHER: I think you are purposely  
Teasing us with absurdities.  
Your dreams have become involved.

CHENG (*agitated*):

But it's as clear as day!

FATHER: We better not step out  
Of the perfect order of things  
If we do not wish all nature  
To rebel against us.

CHENG: If I could only show,  
Only prove to you, what I mean.

FATHER: You see the sun setting at night  
And rising punctually next day.  
You see old age setting similarly  
And young life being born.  
These are proofs contrary to your theories.

CHENG (*begins to walk back and forth again*):

Old age setting.  
Young life being born  
At their special, proper time.  
It seems to me, at the best possible time  
For them to do so,  
Like a man, who decides to cut down  
An old maple when he needs its wood,  
Or to plant rice  
When the season is rainy  
And it will grow.

FATHER: There will be no end to this,  
And you will still persist  
In your stubbornness.

MOTHER (*reproachful*):

Please, Cheng, you have hurt us enough

With all these words.  
How can you be so hard,  
Turn your back to your own parents?  
Will you tear your wife's little heart too?  
She is delicate,  
Brought up in a family of traditions,  
A child so good and innocent.  
You know, she spoke to me once  
Of her joy in our great family.  
She said it was almost  
Like her father's home,  
And then she flushed and laughed a little,  
Taking my hand. Such a dear thing! (*Her large  
round face is full of emotion and she blinks  
hard several times to ward off the tears.*)

FATHER: I see no use for this vain conversation.  
We are only making him  
More perverse in his ingratitude.  
In spite of my paternal feelings  
I must say that I shall have to disown  
This son if he carries out  
His foolish ambitions. Come, wife.

(*They leave on the left. Almost immediately Pang Wai Ling enters from the right, with an armful of white blossoms. Cheng has assumed the same position as in the opening scene, near right front. Pang Wai Ling walks up to him as before.*)

CHENG (*quietly, lifelessly, without looking at her*):  
Looks like I am all alone, Pang,  
With my ideas.  
I have hurt too many with them.  
I have hurt all those whom I love most  
And should like to see happy.

It would be better to close  
That little door to my dreams,  
Turn my back to it,  
And be content with life as it comes.  
We shall be endlessly happy  
When our son comes.  
We shall forget everything.

PANG (*drops her arms at her sides, one hand clutching the flowers, looks steadily and searchingly at his face*):

Once you have seen  
The bright, blue spaces  
You cannot forget them  
By closing the door.  
You cannot forget that,  
Which has become your second life.  
You cannot lock up your spirit  
Like a canary  
And wait for it to sing.  
O my husband, its wings shall break!

CHENG (*starts in surprise*):

Pang Wai Ling! I have never heard you  
Speak like that before!

PANG (*her face shining, resolutely*):

I will go and speak to your mother,  
And even to your father.  
I will say: you must not keep him.  
And you must not think him ungrateful.  
He shall carry your name,  
He will make it honorable.  
Your son is a great man.  
He will become even greater,  
Like the tall, straight poplars,  
When his spirit is free



To stretch its hands after the stars.  
Pang Wai Ling will be  
His most faithful wife,  
And also your grateful daughter  
Who will bring up  
Your grandchildren.  
To your mother I will say:  
Pang Wai Ling is young and strong,  
Do not be afraid,  
She will fulfill her duties well  
In your son's household.

CHENG: And what will they say to you?

PANG: They will say—(*shakes her head quickly*)  
Whatever they will say,  
They will know we don't mean disrespect  
Or ingratitude.  
They will let us go with a blessing  
When our son comes.

CHENG (*slowly*):

I am glad you are saying all these things.  
I am glad you are standing here  
With this branch of plum-blossoms  
In your hand.  
I am glad you are so small, and so gentle,  
And so strong, Pang Wai Ling.  
I think that spring is coming  
In spite of the frost,  
In spite of winds from the mountains.

PANG (*tilting her head to one side and looking at the  
flowers in her hand*):

Already grass is jade-green  
In the garden,  
And some birds sing.  
But we must wait

Till the peaches bloom;  
That is the time for his coming.  
And our waiting is for life, Cheng,  
Not for death.

CHENG (*looks up at the sky*):

The sky is getting very clear.  
It is time we went down to the river  
And saw about floating some barges  
To the valley.

### Epilogue

SCENE: *same as before. In front of Lai-Nam's house. Grandfather's figure is seen silhouetted against the amber screens.*

CHORUS OF MEN:

Summer has hardly begun,  
Peach-trees have not yet  
Tossed off all their pink bloom;  
Work in the fields is young,  
Needing many hands,  
And we have been called away  
From our busy living  
By this solemn duty  
Of neighborly respect.

We seldom see expectations  
Turned the other way around  
In our quiet living  
With a violent  
And, you might say,  
Almost intelligent ordering.  
Life and death are common to us.  
We have seen them come and go  
Like spring tides and summer  
draughts.  
We have witnessed many deaths  
And many nativities.



Lai-Nam's house is a strange exception,  
 Because we had waited to come  
 And sing dirges to its ancient master,  
 For whom shrouds and incense  
 Have been long prepared.  
 In this changing weather  
 Between winter and summer,  
 When death touches old lives,  
 We hoped to come and pay  
 Our veneration and respect  
 To the remains of the aged Lee Lai-Nam.  
 Instead we have been invited,  
 We have come, unexpectedly,  
 To bury the newborn son  
 Of his youngest grandchild.  
 We have known the young father  
 And thought him most fortunate.  
 We do not like to see his face now,  
 Full of darkness.  
 We have put on our white clothes  
     of mourning  
 As is the tradition;  
 And we shall say all that is customary  
 To say on such occasions,  
 But our voices will be very heavy  
 Because we have seen the young wife  
 With dark hair like a rain-bearing cloud,  
 Watching pink petals fall quietly  
 Off the trees all afternoon.  
 People have seen her watch motionless  
 On this garden bench,  
 Until the stars came out over  
     the black poplars.  
 Then she stood, very thin and straight.  
 Our voices are heavy  
 For the woman with white sleeves  
     floating on the air.  
 We shall sing dirges for her son.





There is strange order,  
Strange harmony,  
And we had been led to believe  
In a strange great power  
By the death of this child.  
Power of human life,  
Power of human destiny,  
The shaping of a spirit  
To a spirit's mold,  
Regardless of age.  
Lai-Nam has grown old in waiting  
And we were sure it was time.  
Yes, we forgot to take into consideration  
Individual destiny.  
A young spirit went  
While old poplars stand.  
There is wisdom in the stars.

## THE END

### *Considerations*

Golden-green hours  
Shimmering from a sky  
Ignorant of corruption . . .

Yesterday — before I was born . . .  
Now — I am the princess, radiant, aloof.  
I am the squaw, ragged yet desired.  
I am the wife, harsh and forgiving.  
Tomorrow — I shall be a mother.

The snowfall hews a stockade.  
Rain effects a river to be forded  
At death risk.

I wonder, as did Adam.

*Eileen Shea, '62*

## *Another Summit Conference*

At thaw time red rivers flowed hot  
the mountain's length —  
smothered the valleys  
and dried to scorched, parched infertility;  
only red rivers could satiate the thirst  
of the angry swineherd  
whose fury sun-flamed where the peak was still cold —  
he bellowed  
and applauded his own bellows  
(to hear the echo) —  
he welcomed the black rider  
who mounts crimson stars now  
instead of horses,  
and charges through the night sky  
roaring  
because every house is marked.

Does the swineherd really think his swine will  
survive the desert — or that as he crawls,  
gropes in the hot, dry dust  
lapping it, choking on it,  
there will be more applause than  
the hollow mocking of the four winds?

*Emma Norton, '61*



*The Last of the Just.* Andre Schwarz-Bart; translated from the French by Stephen Becker. Athaneum House, Inc., 1960.

Written by a largely self-educated man, *The Last of the Just* is an extraordinary book. It may well be one of the best remembered novels of the decade just passed. The book has a narrative basis in the ancient Hebrew myth of the "Lamed Vovnicks," the thirty-six saintly men who, over the course of Jewish history, take the responsibility for human evil on their shoulders and by their willing endurance of suffering, mitigate the universal suffering of mankind. When one dies, another is born. Only rarely is the identity of the Lamed Vov known, even to himself. Yet, the legend holds that if just one of them failed to fulfill his role, mankind's sufferings would poison even the souls of the newborn and humanity would suffocate with a single cry.

Andre Schwarz-Bart sweeps through centuries of Jewish history in a fascinating, interest-holding way. He traces the stream of anti-Semitism from the martyrdom in 1185 of Rabbi Yom Tom Levy in York, England, down through the long line of his descendants. In each generation of the



Levys there is a Lamed Vov. In the nineteen-thirties a Lamed Vov, Ernest Levy, a "birdlike" child, is born in Stillenstadt, Germany, during the Nazi persecution of the Jews.

Ernie Levy's childhood is the heart of this novel. His struggle for survival is told with a poignancy seemingly born of experience. At times Ernie is buoyed up by the idealistic, pro-Judaic schoolmaster, Herr Kramer, and by his beautiful childhood sweetheart, Ilse. At times he is crucified (once quite literally), by the brutal German children of the Pimfe, Hitler's youth organization. Ernie suffers the tortures of the "just man" in the tradition of the Lamed Vov. In a beautiful but heartrending scene the child fails at suicide after the Nazis have beaten him insensible before the gaze of Ilse. Again, after the family flees to France, Ernie's sensitive soul commits suicide as he tries literally to become a dog. Ernie emerges from the horrors of the French army to find that his family has been interred in a concentration camp. In the course of rapid degradation, Ernie finally becomes the consort of a French farmer's wife.

The turning point occurs when this French peasant orders him into the barn to emerge only when called. Ernie chooses to escape to Paris where he meets Golda, a beautiful young Jewess, lamed in one of her many flights from persecution. The scene in which these young lovers, to fulfill Golda's one "impossible" wish, remove their identifying yellow stars and walk the Parisian streets, hands locked and chins high, is, perhaps, one of the most sensitively portrayed episodes in the novel.

Golda is sent to a concentration camp at Drancy. To the amazement and amusement of officials, Ernie surrenders himself at the same camp. Again, the Nazis turn him into a whimpering animal but he finds his Golda. Together with a carload of children, they are transported to the gas chambers of Auschwitz in sealed boxcars. Ernie seems to have

lost faith and the will to live. He voluntarily foregoes a chance at prolonged life, accompanying Golda and the children to their ignominious death. Ernie leaves no descendant, becoming, as the book's title announces, the "last" of the Lamed Vovs. Andre Schwarz-Bart forcefully implies that in the centuries intervening between the mass murder of Jews at York, England in 1185 and the gas chamber murders of the Nazi regime, Christianity has not succeeded in finding a cure for the social cancer of racial hatred and will not.

This book is worthy of careful reading. It has simplicity, selectivity, human warmth and a deep understanding of people, although its conclusion seems rather cynical. Andre Schwarz-Bart's characterizations are excellent. Winner of France's leading literary award, the Prix Goncourt, *The Last of the Just* is a book to be pondered over, discussed, and remembered for its depth of understanding of man's basic hopes and fears as well as for its indictment of man's inhumanity to man.

Rosemary Tipping, '62

*The Educated Woman.* Anne Cleveland and Jean Anderson.  
New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., 1960.

In cartoon and caption and with many tickling irreverencies, Cleveland and Anderson have captured the quality of the institution known as the "educated woman." For decades the college-bred woman has been treated as an enigma or smothered by hyperbole. This amusing little volume tries to clear away some of the myth surrounding her. The authors catch both the high and low moments of the "educated woman" from undergrad days through the matronly stage of a P.T.A. supporter. We see the 1960 collegian, as logical as her counterpart of forty years ago, being interrogated by her professor. The caption reads: "But, Miss Wither-



spoon, just what is there about the law of gravity that you find yourself unable to accept?"

Cleveland and Anderson carry the college graduate through her career days. They portray her putting into practice the tenets which her education has made a living part of her and then show her in the role of homemaker of America. With true pioneer spirit (not to be scoffed at in this era of TV dinners and push-button washer-driers), she takes on the management of the creative activities of her community. One cartoon shows how the "educated woman" directs the community children's Christmas play. She cautions: "Now Angels, when you cross upstage right, you're not attacking the shepherds—REMEMBER YOUR MOTIVATION!"

Each of us can identify with this delightful book and perhaps agree that education hasn't changed woman . . . much!

Mary Courtney, '63

*Parodies: An Anthology from Chaucer to Beerbohm and After.* Dwight MacDonald. New York: Random House, 1960.

Dwight MacDonald of *The New Yorker* has compiled a formidable anthology of parodies, a potpourri of humor from Chaucer to the present. He divides it neatly into four major sections.

The first section, termed "The Beginnings," includes Chaucer's "Sir Thopas" with its tongue-in-cheek treatment of medieval romance conventions as well as Shakespeare's skillful exposé of Lyly's euphuism in *Henry IV, Part I*, wherein Falstaff enacts the role of reproving father-king and lectures Prince Hal for his scape-grace conduct. Suckling's parody of John Donne's style and Jonathan Swift's spoofing of Robert Boyle's meditations in "Meditation on a



Broomstick" are two more of the delights of this first part of the book.

Parodies of the nineteenth century constitute the second major division. They include selections by Hartley Coleridge, J. W. Morris, and Guy Carryl. Hartley Coleridge's "He Lived Amidst the Untrodden Ways" deftly strikes at attempts at "mystical elevation."

"Beerbohm and After" is Mr. MacDonald's designation for the third part of his collection. It features Beerbohm's parodies of Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, John Galsworthy and H. G. Wells. Kenneth Tynan's "Just Plain Folks," a take-off on Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, is another stab at the literary set.

The last division of this anthology is a "Specialties" section. Under this heading Dwight MacDonald assembles parodies which do not fit any of the previous categories, for example, the self-parodies of Richard Crashaw, Samuel Johnson, Edgar Allan Poe and Robert Browning. Robert Benchley's pseudo-serious comic correspondence with the "Queries and Answers" department of the *New York Times* Book Review section evokes a laugh. One of the best pieces of this concluding section is Oliver Jensen's *The Gettysburg Address in Eisenhowerese*, an imitation of Eisenhower's speech mannerisms applied to Lincoln's famous address.

Mr. MacDonald has collected many fine and a few not-so-fine selections. Each of the four major sections presents both the old and familiar as well as the new and surprising. Perhaps the only objection to this anthology of humor which may be made is that founded on individual differences in taste. Some readers will find some of their favorites missing since the editor's choice of representative parodies will not always correspond with their judgment.

Patricia McCarthy, '62

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# ETHOS

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Cover Design by Anne Rourke, '61

# *Men on a High Rock*

They know how to stand still  
And to divine the lovely springs in hidden places  
On desert mountains  
And treasures in the fields  
With hoes and spades only a pretext  
To keep their day a cross.  
They touch cheap everydays to gold,  
With rough hands polish marble-smooth  
Their wood of living—  
Cracked cups are filled with silence.

They know how to stand still  
When God's strong voice clamors their souls  
To singing solitude,  
With burning coal of silence  
Touching their lips to eloquence—  
Then they sing. I hear them sing  
At night and their chant is like candles—  
Like sacrificial fire trembling to dying,  
And to living. They stand alone.

Vested in early liturgy of hand-spun walls  
They chant the dawning offertory,  
Their silence spilling out at the washing of hands  
Into a linen whiteness of the air  
Where night turns day  
And light comes upon their bare lives  
In thick white folds to hide their bones  
Against all evil at noonday as they walk;  
And their feet strike the high rock  
In their climbing, flooding a wilderness to pools.

*Sister Mary Antanina, F.M.M.*

# Myth and Symbol

## in Joyce's *Portrait*

Elinor Bowes, '61

THROUGH the use of myth and symbol, James Joyce, in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, projects the development of Stephen Dedalus from childhood to early manhood and his gradual alienation from his environment. The most prominent symbols in *A Portrait* are those of the bird and the ideal woman.

In attempting to analyze the novel, it is necessary to know the myth which Joyce employs to convey his theme. The myth of Daedalus occurs in Book VIII of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. It is the story of the artificer, Daedalus, who fashions wings from wax and the feathers of birds and is then able to soar from earth into the freedom of the skies. Joyce's Dedalus is an artificer. Like the mythical hero, he wants to escape the world of reality, soaring on verbal wings. Ovid's myth, however, implies more than the desire to fly. It is actually the myth of a man who, aspiring beyond his powers in creating the means to fly, effects the destruction of his son. Icarus flies too near the rays of the sun. It is the entire myth which is important to the novel, both in the conception of flight and in the aspiration beyond one's natural powers.

The full significance of the name Dedalus is not immediately presented in the novel. There is a suggestion that the name is different from the ordinary Irish name. This is impressed upon Stephen as a child when he is asked his name by a fellow school-mate. When Stephen answers him, the boy immediately queries, "What kind of name is that?" and



then asks, "What is your father?" Stephen, made aware of the extraordinariness of his name, considers himself as somehow set apart. The unusual character of his name is emphasized again in a conversation between Stephen and his companion in the infirmary. Athy says:

You have a queer name, Dedalus, and I have a queer name too, Athy. My name is the name of a town. Your name is like Latin.

Although these phrases sound like the light banter and curiosity of a child, they are significant to the projection of Joyce's theme. They help to establish the fact that Stephen is different, and, as one is able to discern from what Stephen says and does, it is not only the name that makes him so. Stephen's indifference to things outside of himself isolates him from society and from mundane things. But, like the flight of the mythical Daedalus, Stephen's is a voluntary flight from reality. As Stephen muses, the narrator describes his mental state:

The noise of children at play annoyed him and their silly voices made him feel, even more keenly than he had felt at Clonglowes, that he was different from others. He did not want to play. He wanted to meet in the real world the unsubstantial image which his soul so constantly beheld.

In this passage a note of scorn may be detected, especially in the use of the word "silly" in describing others of his own age group. This and the stated desire, "He did not want to play," make it more evident that Stephen is not trying to overcome this separation from others, but instead is turning in on himself. He does not want to meet reality; he wants to compel the real world to conform to his "unsubstantial image."

Stephen is proud of his separation . . . his individuality. In the scene between the Jesuit director of the college and Stephen, when he is questioned on the possibility of having

a vocation to the religious life, Stephen's reaction is imaged in the immediacy of Joyce's language:

A flame began to flutter again on Stephen's cheek as he heard in this proud address an echo of his own proud musings. How often had he seen himself as a priest wielding calmly and humbly the awful power of which angels and saints stood in reverence! He had seen himself, a young and silent mannered priest, entering the altar steps, incensing, genuflecting, accomplishing the vague acts of the priesthood which pleased him by reason of their semblance of reality and of their distance from it.

His consideration of a priestly vocation has been a vague, romantic one; he has seen only the glory and power of such a calling, and his imaginary separation from the real world. This is again a hint of that flight from reality which Stephen is making. At first he is entirely taken up with the unrealistic aspects or the imagined aspects of the priesthood. He even asks himself what became of the pride of his spirit which had always made him conceive of himself as being apart in every order. Yet he hardly passes by the Jesuit house, when this pride is overtaking him, causing him to reject the idea of participation in a religious order. According to Stephen: "His destiny was to be elusive of social or religious orders." Stephen not only flies from the order of Saint Ignatius, but he wishes to escape even the order of society at large. Stephen Dedalus' flight is well under way at this point. His proud decision to remain apart from the world is final. His decision to turn to art is near.

The flight reaches a climax when Stephen is returning home from his interview with the Jesuit. At first he encounters a group of Christian Brothers. He has been musing over his decision to reject the calling of a priest, wondering why some "wayward instinct" had induced him to refuse, when he suddenly finds himself confronted with the group of religious. Their humility makes him at first ashamed,



then angry so he tries to look away from them into the waters below the bridge. But he finds he cannot escape the Brothers' eyes, since he sees them mirrored in the waters. The humility and piety of the Brothers contrasts here with Stephen's pride.

Stephen continues his walk until he meets a group of friends swimming in the river. As the boys call his name, Stephen is suddenly struck by the significance of it:

Now, as never before, his strange name seemed to him a prophecy. . . . Now at the name of the fabulous artificer, he seemed to hear the noise of dim waves and to see a winged form flying above the waves and slowly climbing the air. What did it mean? Was it a quaint device opening a page of some medieval book of prophecies and symbols, a hawklike man flying sunward above the sea, a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve and had been following through the mists of childhood and boyhood, a symbol of the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable being.

Here the comparison between Stephen and the mythical Daedalus is actually made. Stephen identifies with Daedalus as a creator. He rejects almost completely the realities about him, shutting his ears to the "dull gross voice of the world of duties and despair."

The descriptions following this climactic presentation of Stephen's flight from reality all support the Daedalus myth. Stephen sees his muse as a girl wading in the water. He likens her to a bird, thus reinforcing the flight image. He then falls asleep and moves into an unreal world. It is at the end of chapter four that the climax is reached. The preceding chapters have prepared for Stephen's flight from reality. The fifth and last chapter shows Stephen's isolation from reality after he deliberately wills to ignore it.

Stephen's pride is dramatized throughout the novel. It is one of the important elements in Joyce's evolution of



Stephen's voluntary exile from society. The practical world and its "duties and despair" seem trivial to him. Art appears to be the only desirable reality. Stephen's yearning for complete escape from the mundane is strengthened in his conversation with the dean of studies. As Stephen enters the lecture room he finds the dean trying to light a fire. This leads to a discussion of the fire as a thing of beauty. Stephen smugly quotes from Aquinas. During this conversation there appears to be a note of condescension in the way Stephen addresses the elderly priest. When the dean finally turns and asks Stephen when he may expect something on the esthetic question, Stephen says in astonishment: "I stumble on an idea once a fortnight, if I am lucky." The dean adroitly replies that the questions are very profound and compares them to the depths as seen from the cliffs of Moher. Stephen acknowledges his use of "one or two ideas of Aristotle and Aquinas," and says:

I need them only for my own use and guidance until I have done something for myself by their light. If the lamp smokes or smells I shall try to trim it. If it does not give light enough I shall sell it and buy another.

Here Stephen's smugness and extreme egocentricity is well demonstrated and it is continued throughout the discussion. The dean raises the question of the necessity of a certain practicality and acknowledgement of reality which Stephen only scorns. The entire conversation in which Stephen treats the wise old priest so condescendingly is an excellent example of irony. Young Stephen is so wrapped up in himself that he cannot quite perceive the amused, tolerant attitude of the priest. The dean has shown how ridiculous a complete escape from the real world is, since one must necessarily be a part of such a world.

The use of the myth of Daedalus to present the character of Stephen is, I think, an ironic one. The conclusion of

the novel finds Stephen strong in his determination to project reality. The entire sequence of events has prepared for this decision. Stephen sees himself as the Daedalus who is a creator . . . who soars to heights of artistic achievement. The way in which the myth is used, however, seems to suggest a more negative concept, viz., the idea of the flight from reality and the self-imposed isolation of Stephen.

The myth is supported by many images of flight and by allusions to the real and the fantastic or the real and the ideal worlds. The image of the bird appears very early in the novel when Stephen stands apart from his school-mates watching the football flying, "like a heavy bird." Stephen says of his friend, Heron, that he had a "a bird's face as well as a bird's name." At the climax of his escape from reality Stephen sees the winged, hawk-like form which he calls Daedalus. He wants to cry out as a hawk or an eagle would cry. He sees the young girl standing in the water and likens her to a bird. This combined image of his aesthetic ideal as both girl and bird, is especially significant in relation to the Daedalus myth. When presented at this point it serves to strengthen the whole idea of Stephen's flight from reality in his aspiration toward an aesthetic vocation.

The bird image is again presented as Stephen stands on the library steps at the university. He has been talking with companions but has escaped mentally into the world of his muse. Again the mental picture of an ideal woman is brought into conjunction with the image of flight. Stephen muses on the birds, "circling about a temple of air." He then compares Daedalus' action with his own decision to leave home. It is here that Stephen experiences an unknown fear and compares himself to wandering birds whose homes are never permanent. This flight image again strengthens the meaning of the myth in its application to Stephen.

At the close of the novel, Stephen is writing in his diary. The change from third person narrative to diary form observations is significant since it strengthens the whole idea of Stephen, his complete loss of interest in others and his introverted self-concern. Here, again, the ideal is presented in relation to the image of flight. Stephen has made his decision. In the final pages of the novel he acts upon it. He says:

Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my own race.

Here is Stephen's announced ambition. He has deluded himself into thinking he can "forge" the "conscience" of Ireland and the Irish. As the myth and the bird images imply, Stephen is attempting escape from reality but his flight is merely into the recesses of his own egocentricity. Joyce, through this ancient but timeless myth, implies that Stephen Dedalus, like his archetype, cannot fly from reality but must accept his human limitations and those of his fellow men.



## *To a Bard*

To prick on paper  
proud designs,  
jabbing your needle  
again, again, for color,  
into the heart  
(whether yours, or always  
his or hers, I can't  
be sure)  
is cruelty.

Flame—  
the rabid sea when  
moons go mad—  
and yes,  
a poet too—  
all cruel . . . and yet  
admired.

But, being neither fire  
nor foam,  
a man . . . one merely man . . .  
Oh, how you will suffer for it,  
dear.

*M. McDonnell, '61*

# *A World Apart*

*Ann Marie Jones, '62*

DICKIE squatted down to watch a caterpillar crawl along the sidewalk. It was the first time that he had seen one since he left the farm and it made him homesick. The caterpillar disappeared under the shrubs that surrounded the pocket-sized lawn in front of the apartment house.

Dickie was tired of waiting for his father. The patch of sky above the apartment house darkened and, as Dickie watched, the neon sign that advertised the "gas that cars love" flashed red and white. The corner window on the seventh floor burst into brightness. She was up there waiting for his father, too.

When he reached the doorstep, Dickie sat down and thought about Mom and Gramps eating supper at the kitchen table with its red-checked tablecloth. Today was Wednesday and they'd be having beef stew. Jess would be crouched under the table waiting for Gramps to sneak him some scraps. Dickie wondered if Jess missed him.

A tall figure carrying a brief case hurried toward the apartment. Dickie figured that it was Dad. Dad was different somehow these days. He still fooled around and called Dickie "old man," but since he had moved from the farm, Dad didn't seem the same. Dickie guessed that Jennifer had something to do with it. When he had asked Mom about Dad changing she had looked kind of sad and Dickie thought that she was going to cry. At the sound of footsteps, Dickie looked up and grinned at his father.

"Hey, old man, why are you sitting here all alone?"

Dickie jumped up. "Just waiting for you, Dad."

"I thought you'd be up with Jennifer, son."

Dickie was glad that it was dark so Dad couldn't see his face. Why should he sit with Jennifer? She had funny white hair and wore a lot of smelly perfume, and she kept saying that he was a dear little boy. Dickie didn't like anyone to call him a dear, especially some stranger. Dad said that Jennifer was his wife. Dickie didn't understand that at all. He always thought Mom was Dad's wife. When he asked about it, Dad said to wait a few years, then he would understand. Dickie didn't want to wait, he just wanted Dad to come back home and leave Jennifer in New York.

The elevator door hissed open and Dickie held tight to Dad's hand. Even out in the hall he could smell steak cooking and he guessed that Jennifer had burned it again. Dinner had been burnt before but Dad always said that it was delicious.

Dickie pushed the food around on his plate. "I saw a caterpillar today," he announced.

Jennifer squirmed. "I hope you didn't bring the dirty thing in here."

Dickie wished he had thought of something like that. Mom wasn't afraid of caterpillars. He had a whole collection at home, and they never bothered her.

Dad turned to Dickie, "Well, son, you'll be going home tomorrow. It's too bad that you couldn't stay longer."

Jennifer was smiling. "Wouldn't you like to stay longer, darling? I'd love to have you."

Dickie didn't think that she really meant it. He had heard her tell Dad that they had better send him back soon. "Oh, I guess I'd better be getting back to Mom and Gramps. Gramps needs me to help him."

"And I bet you do a lot of work, too?" Jennifer was laughing.



"Sure I do. Next year when I'm eight, Gramps is going to teach me to work the milker."

"My," said Jennifer, "before you know it you'll be able to run the whole farm."

"Don't tease the boy, Jennifer. He helps a lot down there."

Jennifer looked angry and began to clear the table. Dickie excused himself and went into the living room. He sat on a footstool by the window and watched the cars below. Jennifer and Dad were laughing in the kitchen. It didn't sound like Mom and Dad used to, though, it was silly laughing.

The cars looked like caterpillars with white legs in the front and red ones in the back. Dickie was glad that he was going home.



## *Harvard Square: An Ariel View*

Moated by the blood-blue Charles,  
Briared under tangled hemp  
    of disenchanted sycamores,  
Towers turret into timelessness  
And rent their rooms to Here and Now—  
a lease on immortality.  
The screaming-happily Harpy  
    flaps away . . . .  
Harvard Square is HEXED!

. . . is HAUNTED!  
Gaunted ghouls,  
magnif-eyed,  
cat-black (sleeker, even)  
sneaker  
    through  
        passage-ways,  
drum-hollow,  
throbbing . . .  
seduce paint-smeared beardlings  
in gallery doorways—  
Freeze! at the  
chapel-stroke . . .  
clatter-splash coffee cups . . .  
scooter back  
    into  
        green schoolbags . . . .  
VAMPIRES!



Over well-primmed hedges  
                   of linen-white houses  
 Discreetly shadowed, sacheted  
                   with lilac,  
 Sun unwinds a torrid turban,  
 Singeing English-sparrow song.  
 Longfellow mortars his gothic repose  
 While, dawn-kissed,  
 The Maharaja of Science awakens—  
 (Corseted hollyhocks swoon  
 with the angular vapours.)  
 Saffron saris skim cobbled courtyards . . .  
 Third eye—color of peacock,  
                   of emerald, of topaz,  
 Seeks wisdom of the West . . .

. . . and of the Seller of Books  
 Who, unaware of personal toadity,  
 is looking-glass fair . . .  
 charming.

Beaming book-worm  
 metamorphosized . . .  
 fluttering,  
                   lighting,  
 (wings by Brooks Bros.)  
 Midas-bug—  
 touch-turning  
 Sartre

                  to  
                   steak  
 in a gold-flash . . .  
 gracing stark needs with  
 carefully-chosen,  
 authentic  
 tabula rasa.





Alarums sound!  
Student Princes  
dozens,  
    dynasties,  
        descend (officially identified)  
upon the Square.  
Ye Oxford Grille is Heidelberg,  
foaming land of milk-weaned honey,  
where duels of stag-gered honor,  
fraught with stupored fisticuffs,  
skim Piccadilly table-tops  
at twelve.

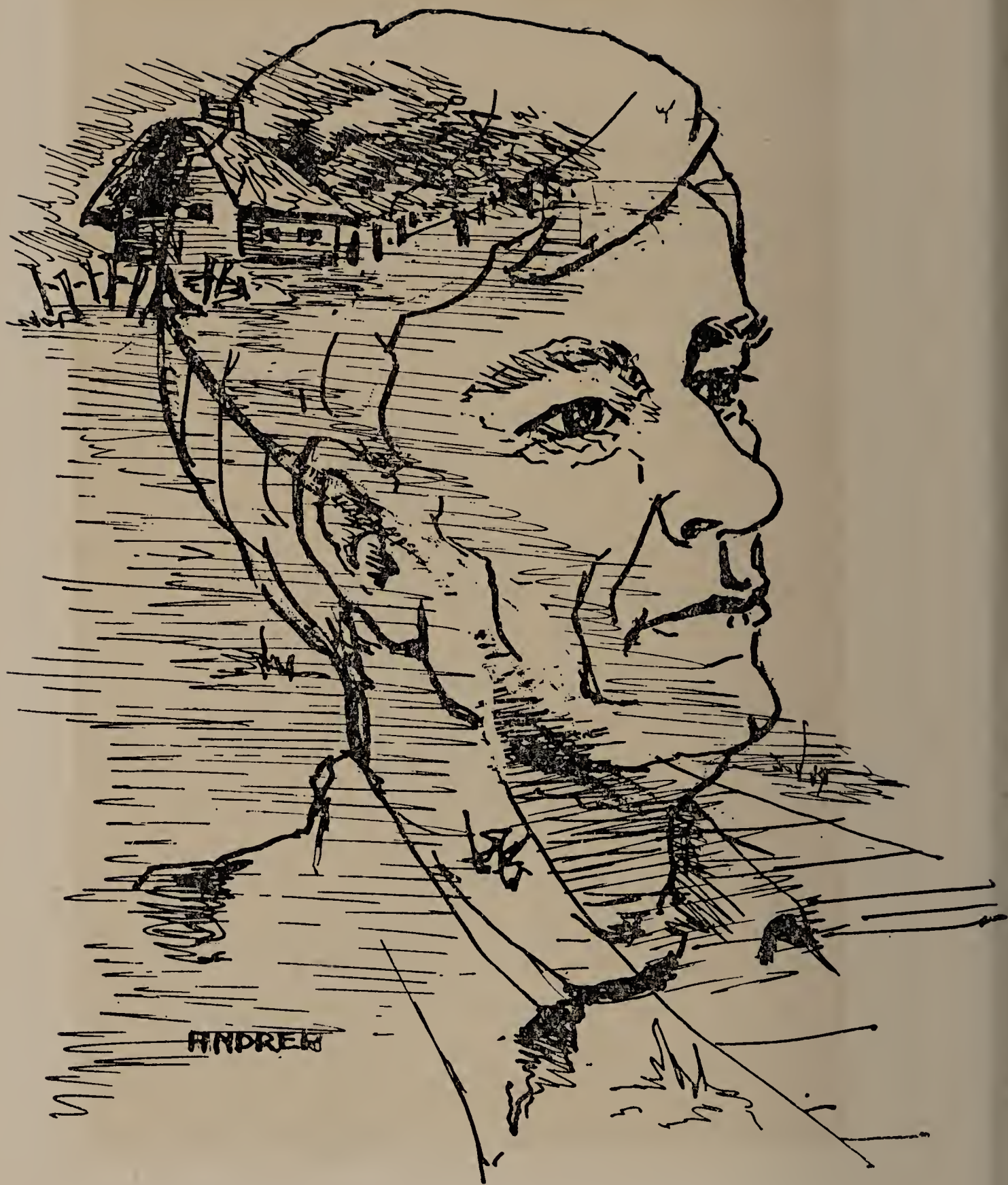


Hail vociferous Alma Mater  
our hearts twine round and round  
and round . . .  
another round  
    for everyone . . .  
        on Joe!

It is suspiciously still  
    on Brattle Street  
at two A. M.  
The pavement moans, shudders  
    as subway serpents  
slither on its underside.  
From Harvard Mall,  
    Allegra laughs . . .  
Mount Auburn St. spinster  
    stirs, snorts,  
and is silent.

Towers turret into timelessness . . .  
The screaming-happily Harpy  
    flaps away.

*Marian McDonnell, '61*





# Upon the Darkness

*Margaret Sheil, '61*

IT WAS only by chance that James Harin saw his son Daniel pass by with the herd of sheep. He had been standing behind the house looking out across the yellow-brown meadow and smoking his pipe. The sun was almost directly above him and James, always fearing sunstroke, had wandered back into the low white house. It was bright inside but still cool and, except for his own breathing and his one loud sigh, it was empty of human sound. Then he heard the padding hoofbeats and the bleating voices of sheep and he went to the window. At first he had not seen Daniel. As soon as he saw him, he turned around and said to the silent room, "Let him not come in here for I'll turn him out again." Afraid that Daniel would see him, James stood behind the yellowed cotton drapes until the gaunt boy had ceased surveying the house. Oh, he had not looked at it for long, James knew; Daniel had little enough feeling, but his father could not help peering after him. Although he knew he had been right when he had, a month ago, turned his son away, he was sorry that the boy who passed his own home was now dead to him.

When Daniel had passed the bend and the dust had settled on the privet hedges along the road, James turned from the window and went to the kitchen to get his lunch. He was almost used to it now, he was almost a good cook though he was not so good as Kathleen had been—as good as Kathleen still was. He sat down at the long wooden table and he knew that it was Kathleen's fragile laugh he had missed when he entered the house. But then, when he had

given her permission to work in Ballycastle, half a day's journey from this room, he had known he would miss her. And he had known he would miss her the morning they had parted, when the dew was still on the meadow and the privet hedge. Like a child or the old man he would soon be, he had almost wept. Determined, he had stopped himself and had kissed her forehead gently and blessed her because she had not hurt anyone as Daniel had, because she would not hurt him as Daniel had.

Sitting at the old table, he ate quickly as he did now since the children had left. Grabbing the scythe which lay against the stucco wall of the house, he started toward the field of oats which had only yesterday ripened. Slowly, he swung the scythe, cutting the tall oats just above the ground and thinking that Daniel would be in the town and the nosier neighbors would be asking him why he had left his father's home before the oats had been cut and the stooks put in the yard. James did not worry about what Daniel would say; he had always thought quickly enough. But he did wonder if the neighbors would believe Daniel. At harvest time, with his father no longer a young man, an only son did not leave his farm. James was angry that he had all the work to do by himself and he swung the scythe more quickly now. He said to himself that not every boy would say that his one sister was leading a bad life, only Daniel, untalkative and unloving, would say this.

The day his son had left had been a day James would never forget. Daniel had come to him during the morning, out in the field where he was loosening the dirt around the beets. "Father," he had said, "There is something I don't like to say. . . ."

"Well then, don't say it, young man, don't say it."

But Daniel had looked down at him as he continued digging and said soon and slowly, "But I must say it, Father.

It's that kind of a thing."

James had stopped. Leaning on the shovel, wiping his wet face on the collarless blue shirt, he had demanded, "What is it? What have you done to disgrace us? You're no longer a child."

Daniel had forced a stiff grin and pulled his hands from his pockets. "No, I'm no longer a child and I have never disgraced you. I have only been a child. But now I'm not a child and neither is Kathleen."

"Kathleen?" James had banged the shovel into the black earth. "Are you about to tell me something about Kathleen, about to make something up about her?"

Like his father, Daniel had begun to perspire and he wiped his face before answering, "No, sir, I'm not making up something. I've never lied to you. But it is about Kathleen I want to talk."

"No, you've never lied to me, but you've been in your share of trouble. And Kathleen has always been good." James said slowly.

"The truth of the matter is, Father, that Kathleen late at night has been with a man—I don't know who he is." Daniel had watched his father's face become white and unbelieving.

Then James had laughed loudly. "At night is it? Why, she's here in bed at night . . . she's in bed before I am and before you come home."

But Daniel had insisted, "She leaves, Father, she leaves. I know how hard it is for you to believe. But it is better that I tell you; it's better that you know. . . ."

"It's better that I know the truth of why you are telling me this nonsense. And how does she leave?" James had demanded, again pounding the earth with his shovel, now looking back at the house.

"I don't know how she gets out without your knowing."



I wish I did, Father, but I don't," Daniel had pleaded, stepping before his father.

Quietly, James had watched Daniel. "And does Kathleen know you're telling me this lie?"

"I told her I would tell you the truth and she laughed at me."

"I do not blame her for laughing. The truth? You're lying. Why would I believe this of Kathleen with the black hair and the eyes of her mother? She has been a good child, she has loved me and, God help her, she has loved you—and you repay her and me by lying."

Daniel had put his hand on the shovel and shaken it while he spoke more quickly, louder now, "Lie? Why would I lie? What would I gain by lying? Isn't it better that I tell you so that you can stop her than have her ruined, have you disgraced?" He had watched his father's red face and known that he would not believe and then he had wondered why he had bothered to tell him. He should have known that his father would never believe Kathleen could do any wrong.

Then James had pulled the shovel from Daniel's hand and though the boy stood in front of him, thin, his face white and damp, he had yelled, "Get out! Not tomorrow morning! Pack your case and get out of here! Like as not you've done something evil and have tried to bribe her to be quiet, and when you couldn't you made up this lie."

Daniel had spoken quietly, "You're unreasonable and I'm a fool. But Kathleen is young and she should be stopped. . . ."

James had scarcely heard him. He had looked only at the grey sky endless above him and said again, "Leave."

Daniel had watched his father's unyielding red face and answered, "Yes, I'll go but, please, please, think of what I've

told you." He had raised his hand even knowing that his father would not look at him. "I swear to you I haven't lied."

Turning away from Daniel and lifting the black dirt with his shovel, James had said coldly, "I have said all I am going to say to you. You will be out of this house before tomorrow morning. How you go does not matter to me in the least. I am through with you." Then he had watched Daniel stride across the field, his head high, his dark figure stiff against the grey of the day.

And now, in this afternoon sunlight, while the boy led sheep through the town of his own birth, James thought, his father labored in the field doing the work of two men. But it was as well that he was doing all the work for he missed Kathleen and when he was in the field he did not have so much time to miss her. Instead of seeing her, he had seen the son he did not want to see. James looked at the field, at the row of crab apple trees, at a neighbor's cow wandering in the meadow. As the light faded and the time to cook his dinner came, he said to himself, "How could I ask her to stay in this loneliness, where it is bad enough for me, almost an old man with my hands getting stiff but worse for her, young and light and not knowing life."

Shouldering the scythe, he went to the house. A grey bleakness surrounded him and the house was dark and without life, but he heard the children in a neighbor's yard and he halted to listen to them. They were throwing ball before supper as Kathleen and Daniel had when they were young. Then there would have been a light in the kitchen and white smoke rising from the chimney when he was coming from the meadow. He could picture Kathleen's black ringlets falling across her face as she jumped up to catch the ball which Daniel had thrown as high as he could. And Daniel would taunt her, "You can't catch it, bet you can't catch

it." Sometimes she did, though, and then she'd run to her father laughing, while Daniel stood off watching her.

But now in the kitchen there was no fire and no light. He sat down and said to himself that he was too tired to cook. He had eaten a good lunch and now he would go to bed and in the morning he would ask some one of the neighbors to spare his son to help him. Then when the oats were in the barn to dry he would go to visit Kathleen as he had promised, and perhaps would ask her to come home. Ah, but it was unfair, he knew; she would not refuse even though she liked her work. She had never refused him and that was why he would not be able to ask her and why he had not asked her the very day that Daniel had lied about her, though he had had a good chance as they sat at supper that night, for when he had entered, Kathleen had said softly to him, "Daniel is not here?"

And he had answered, "No. Remove his plate. I will not talk about it, but it is better that he is gone." And as he blessed himself, he wondered if she knew why Daniel had gone.

Kathleen had not turned to him, but watched the worn table, "You were perhaps somewhat too hard on him as you have been before. But since you aren't willing, I will not talk about it. Only, is it something he has done?"

He had leaned back in the chair and watched the bright flames jump through the hole of the black stove, saying, "I'm not hungry now. But I'm tired and as we must be up early to get you off for Ballycastle, I'll go to bed soon." He had smiled as he left the table.

Then, carrying the lamp, going up the narrow dark stairs to his bedroom, he said to himself that she had always defended Daniel when the two of them had been children. She had always been afraid that he was too hard on Daniel. One afternoon, on the way home from school, Daniel had



pushed John Smith into the pond and the child had nearly died from fright alone. But Kathleen had said that Daniel had meant no harm. And she had said the same thing when he had driven McKenna's cows miles from their pasture and when he had broken almost every window in the school. No, he had not been too hard on him. When James put out the candle, the evening light slipped into the room and he could see Kathleen's black hair and hear her fragile laugh and he was sure he had been right in turning Daniel away.

The oats were in the barn. James, riding in the trap to Ballycastle, rested. The day was warm and the sun not hot as it was in the meadow, but light and soft. He had stopped at an inn for lunch and now that he was almost at Kathleen's he wondered if he should have written first and then gone when he had received an answer. In either case, he told himself, she would be glad to see him. Perhaps she would come back with him, although he would not ask her.

Along the main street, people walked carrying bundles, and on the sidewalks women stood in two's gossiping, while James hurried the horse. He would not have to ask for the house, for she had described it in one of her letters. She had said she was living alone in a cottage.

Kathleen had said it was the second cottage outside the town. But when James stopped he said to himself that this was not it because it was a very small cottage which had not been well cared for. He did not know where he had made a mistake so, leaving the horse and trap beside the house, he hurried around to the front door. When he heard a man laugh, he said to himself, "No, I have the wrong cottage. I know Kathleen would not live in a cottage as poorly kept as this. She would keep hers the same way she kept mine." Before the door was opened he heard the light laugh of a woman and he said, "It's a laugh like Kathleen's. All women must laugh like she does." And when the big,

black-haired man opened the door, James said, "I'm sorry to have bothered you, but would you know where Kathleen Harin is living? She told me it was the second cottage on the road from the town. Perhaps there is another road?"

The man, James thought, must be sick for his face had become white.

"Come in," he said softly.

"Well now, I wouldn't be bothering you," James said. "You can just tell me where she lives."

But the man said slowly, "There is no other road. Come in."

As the man pushed the door wide open James slowly stepped inside and saw Kathleen, her black hair unpinned, sitting on an old blue couch. For a moment he watched Kathleen. She too had become pale and she sat stiffly, her hands folded tight.

Hardly above a whisper he said, "Kathleen, daughter, I..." and then turned to the man who stared out the door at the yellow road. He watched her get up from the couch, pushing behind her ears the black hair which was like her mother's, and he said slowly, "Why didn't you tell me, Kathleen, why didn't you tell me?" So this is what Daniel meant, he thought.

Small and pale, she stood before him, saying in her light voice, "Ah, if only you had written, if only you had let me know, Father."

James turned away from her, saying, "You're not married, daughter?"

"Father, would I hide my marriage from you?" Kathleen answered.

"And would I know what you would hide from me, Kathleen?" he whispered, his arms motionless by his side. He told himself that he was an old man now.

Kathleen spoke loudly, "Father, please, don't make this

any worse than it has to be. I didn't tell you because I couldn't tell you. I would never have told you."

"I'm weary," he said, "I've come a long way."

"I'm sorry," the man said, "Sit down, we were not thinking."

"I don't know your name," James said.

Kathleen put her hand on her father's arm, "It's . . . ."

Quickly, James broke in, "I don't want to know." He looked around the room and thought he never would have expected it dark and untidy and poor. As though speaking to himself he said, "You're living in sin, I couldn't have known, couldn't have expected it." The man had gone out now, closing the door loudly and James thought that Kathleen was about to cry. "Come home," he said.

"No," she cried, "I won't go home."

"And is this why you left, Kathleen? Is it?"

Kathleen sat on the couch now, her face hidden by her hands. James could see her back shake and he closed his eyes with his right hand. Then he went to the couch and he placed his hand on her head, saying softly, mournfully, "God forgive you, child."

Kathleen did not look up. "You're going, Father?"

"I'm going," he answered, walking to the door. He didn't turn around for he said to himself that she would be the same as she had been a moment before. Without hurrying, he climbed onto the seat and, shaking the reins lightly, directed the horse in a small circle back to the road. Although the sun was still warm he would not stop. He would ride through the green, clear afternoon into the dark of the evening back to his own cottage and he would be alone along the way. The air was sweet with grass and he heard only the indistinguishable sounds of the early fall afternoon.

Again, he said to himself that he could not have expected Kathleen to be living with a man. He could remember



nothing she had ever done which would cause him to distrust her, whereas Daniel he had always been a bit wary of. But Daniel had been right that morning little more than a month ago. The light was becoming dim and he squinted to see the road ahead of him. It was well that he knew the way the road wound, he thought, so that in the darkness he could find his way home. Home, he said to himself, and what was that? The place where you live with your family. And then, where is your family, James Charles Harin? he said to himself. Bitterly he laughed, you're an old fool that's what you are . . . your own son tells you something and you won't believe him and now look where you are.

He had never before come from Ballycastle so late in the evening. It was not yet dark, for the darkness comes only late in the evening, and even then the sky is bright and helps you on your way. But on the hill he was passing, lights shone in a house and he thought perhaps he would stop and say hello to whoever happened to be living there. He was an old man and he was weary; and he had to go home to cook his own dinner. Home, he said again. Without turning up the hill road as he had thought he would, he continued on his own way. Kathleen would never come home and at the moment he wasn't too certain he wanted her to. Perhaps Daniel, on his way back to whatever place he had come from, would have stopped at home. And once Daniel was there, maybe he'd stay. Maybe he'd think his father had gone to see Kathleen to learn the truth. When James drove the trap along the dark, dusty road and heard the crickets whining near the pond, perhaps he'd see the smoke winding from the chimney and see the light shining out of the house. If Daniel came back, and he'd have to come home by himself because James would never ask him, he'd never ask him to leave. He wouldn't say he was sorry, but neither would he turn the boy away.

As he came to the bend before his own house, he slowed the horse and hoped he would see the light glaring through the window and brightening the hedge. Suddenly he said to himself that, of course, he would, for hadn't Daniel stopped to look at the house as he passed by it three days ago, even though he hadn't stopped for long.

Slowly he drove around the bend. If the sky hadn't been free of mist and he hadn't known exactly where to look for it, he would not have seen the white cottage, for it stood so dark. Daniel had not stopped. He was alone. Without being told, the old horse trotted behind the house. James, slowly getting down from the seat, unburdened him and put him in the barn. And thrusting the case he had carried to Ballycastle under his arm, he looked across the field which he had cleared only yesterday with the help of Smith's son. Although he couldn't see the crab-apple trees, he pointed a finger at them, shaking his white head, "They're mine," he said so that he could be heard by anyone passing by on this clear night. "All of it's mine, and when I look at the land in the morning, when the dew is still on it, it will still be mine alone. It's no longer a question of my wanting it, for it's all mine and I'm a weary old man." Then he let his arm drop to his side and pushed the door upon the darkness of the kitchen.

## EDITORIAL

# For Broad-Minded Maidens Only



There is no need for you to believe this—it being a fairy-tale, and a far-fetched one, even for the springing-greenly time. This tale should be read for the wanton time-wasting of it, and no lesson should be learned, or even looked for, because then the spell would be spoken, and there could be no sweet happily-ever-after.

Once upon a time, in my youth, of course, when all that's going to happen, happens—I was journeying from Then to Presently, through the Forest of Reputed Wickedness, just beyond the realm of Pater Familias Rex. Being a hero,



of sorts, in my village, I had come to slay the notorious Maiden-Gulping Dragon, whose name was Proteus, whose sight was unseen but whose appetite was feared throughout the kingdom. So much, in fact, was his appetite feared, that every maiden from Hither and Yon, between the tender ages, had been sent to the Castle of Truth, there to be sheltered, to grow in virtue and in wisdom, counseled by the beneficent godmothers who dwelled within.

Well, as I have said, I had come to slay the dragon, and to liberate the maidens. Astride Goodness, the horse of my father, I entered the Forest of Reputed Wickedness. But the strangeness was, that though I roamed about the forest when the moon was noon-high into the darkness, and though I shouted challenges through bogs hung with purple, and into the mire, the Maiden-Gulping Dragon did not stir to interest. In fact, I thought I saw a flare once, when he yawned.

So, now that I had betaken myself of the secret, that the dragon was not to be feared if you were mounted upon Goodness, I thought to enlighten the kingdom. In the distance was the Mount of Isolation, and upon it the spires of the Castle of Truth. The whole was surrounded by a fens, and then by a moat with an ostentatious drawbridge. The castle itself sent off a clear light, but it was not a beacon, there being a maiden in every window, with her back to the darkness . . . like a shade.

I remember that the godmothers welcomed me, and that they were disturbed. But it was not my discovery that had disturbed them, for all this they had known. No, it was the hex . . . the enchantment. The castle was under a spell . . . the maidens all turned into ogres . . . and none there was to name the enchanter—unriddle the rhyme.

Sworded, I stalked the corridors . . . hoping to return to my village as One Who Had Broken the Unknown Spell.

Maidens there were aplenty, Princesses Truth and Goodness, Princesses Beautiful—but nary an ogre.

Approaching a maiden, I asked, “Pardon me, but truly, are there ogres here?”

Waxing white, she whispered, “Haven’t you heard? The Castle of Truth is enchanted. All of the godmothers, most of the maidens, transformed into ogres . . . and no one there is to name the enchanter—unriddle the rhyme. Look! There is an ogre now . . . hide!”

I looked, and saw a maiden. She was trembling like a torch in a tower, and she said, “I have just seen an ogre, behind you. Ogres do not belong here, they are destroying our Castle of Truth.”

“But milady,” I ventured—“That was not an ogre, but a maiden.” Unlistening, she screamed, and sweeping her train above her knees, ran off to warn the maidens in her chambers.

As I have told you, all this happened long ago, in my youth, while journeying from Then to Presently. For my part, I left the castle and returned to my village, feeling that I would make my mark in some other fashion, this task being hopeless. But that is not the end of the tale.

It happened to happen, or so I have heard, that a mirror was found in a storeroom, and when it was polished, and worked as it once had, the maidens clustered about it—to admire themselves. And as each one looked, and saw *her own* reflection there, she blushed a deathly green, and retired to her chamber, saying nothing.

They say that now the Castle of Truth sheds light like a beacon, and that it no longer rests on the Mount of Isolation. They say too, that there is happiness there, and that the walls are lined with looking-glass. Moreover, ogres are creatures of memory.

As for me . . . I cannot bear witness to truth unproven.  
And it is impossible for anyone to return to Then. But if  
there is reason to rumor, soon it is that I shall know—for  
the beacon will be blazing brilliantly, illuminating . . . and  
I will see the glow of it, along with all who live in Future.

M. McD.

## *Perfect Lady*

Prim, high-collar lady, your breakfast—  
Toast toasted twice to your crispness,  
Eggs done to perfection—  
Perfection, perfection, your banner, your anthem, your beau.  
Three spoonfuls of sugar to sweeten your coffee.  
What perfect lady?  
I put salt in the coffee?  
Whoever never put salt in the straight lady's coffee  
Can't laugh.

*Emma Norton, '61*



# *The Year of the Soldiers*

*Donna Perrow, '64*

IT WAS the year of the soldiers from the North. The old man sat silently in the shiny grass below the dragon tree, its sinuous branches forming umber patterns of shadow on his face, alternating with shafts of sunlight flickering over his eyes as the leaves moved. His head was very round and smooth like a curved pink shell, and was perched on his slender body like the ball and rod of the child's game. There were hardly a hundred hairs on his chin, spreading like fine fibers on the deep red silk of his robes. Although his face showed no expression, his mind was host to winds of fury.

They have come after the many years of expectation, he thought, and yet so soon. The old life will die, passing away so that we may be remodeled. It has come but I cannot accept it, for it will not be as the last time when we stayed ourselves. No, it is different, and I will not follow the pattern . . . I cannot.

The sound of the temple bells from the building on the cliff above startled him, like one not quite asleep, not quite awake to the things of the world. As he slowly struggled up the jagged steps of the cliff leading to the temple, he could hear the rhythmic sound of marching troops in the valley. The regularity of their movement recalled an almost forgotten memory of a far-away city with its strange sounds: the loud music of the streets and the noise of machines. But it was too hard to remember it all. He wanted to forget the soldiers now and be about his work. He knelt by the temple stairs and plucked the stray grasses from the crevices. His mind skimmed the years easily, and he spoke softly to himself.

"See, my son, this is how the planting is done. The rice will grow again from the ashes of the burned earth, and will bring wealth so the family will have money and position, and the elders will notice and your sister Su-ling will marry well." I stood then small and slim as bamboo beside him, and watched not carefully and listened not at all, for the budding pear blossoms glistened with moisture and the grass on the hill was softer than Su-ling's wedding robes . . . and of more concern, I cared for the sounds of the temple bells, and not for the rushing sound of water as it swirled and eddied around the strong young shoots.

He finished and stood again. The marching had stopped and there was no sound at all, not even from the market place where trading had now ceased. He brushed the shredded earth from his robe and walked to his small house at the edge of the city. The old woman was squatting by a flaming brazier tending boiling vegetables. As he entered she turned to face him and bowed, nearly touching her head to the ground.

"Yes, my son, this is the general, the mayor of our city. Bow to him and your father will be respected and honored." I responded, for then I did not know that I bent under a false yoke and a false promise of prosperity. That was the first time the soldiers came, and there was famine and no joy and the trees bent brown and cracked. Many junks crashed to ruin in the gorges of the Great River, for the god himself was angry with the intruders. There was no time for contemplation, no afternoons at the temple in the yellow light of the sloping sun, no moon cakes bought at the market because they were then too expensive, no flowers at weddings for the lotus did not grow that year. And everywhere food was scarce and there was much hunger.

As the orange sunlight died, the brazier seemed to burn even brighter, and a red glow reflected on the tired faces of the couple. She is old, he thought, but old because she has endured much. See how shapeless is her best blue silk robe, wrinkled and faded after so many scrubblings on the river

rocks. Her hands are still strong, but now veined and folded, so unlike the long-nailed, graceful white fingers of my sister Su-ling, who is married well. But her face still is beautiful, he reflected, as it was when we met for the first time, when our fathers contracted the marriage. And he thought of how their own daughter had married, and how different it was. Her name was never spoken in the house.

Child like a tiny branch . . . a green shoot of bamboo breaking away from the nourishing plant . . . we stood before her and questioned gently about the man she wished to marry. "He is from the West, father. He comes to the Great River to build dams which will ease the hardship of all our people. He used to advise the old general." How proud she was of him, but she knew nothing of the old general, of my childhood and the bending of backs shiny wet in work during the endless hours of sunlight. She did not know the unhappiness the general's men had brought. I said no. I shouted no. I did not want her to destroy the old tradition. She ran then with the temple bells ringing petal tones in the sunset and fading away to dim echoes in the darkness. She never came back.

"They have come again," he said to his wife, who knowingly nodded. "It is not good, but there is no fight against them. Perhaps in a few more days I will not be gardener at the temple . . . perhaps there will no longer be a temple."

"Oh no, my husband, the white temple will always stand. It has been standing since the gorges were first hewed from the mountain rock. It is said that with the first rush of blue-white water through the brown stone the temple rose on the cliff by order of the emperor. No . . . the temple will stay."

The meal was over and the quiet of the outside pervaded the tiny house. The night was bare of any sound, even the hum of insects. The old man sat on the bed mat and thought. It may be different this time; they have only gath-



ered in the valley, they have not even neared the city. But deeper in his heart was a fear which grew from the size of a pearl drop. It grew larger and twisted and gnawed at him as he envisioned the hunger and pain of the past. It knocked against his ribs, and he began to tremble.

"Do not fear, my husband; there is nothing to fear while the white temple stands and the dragon tree bears blossoms."

"Yes, you are right. I worry needlessly."

He awakened to a crashing sound at his door, a desperate beating on the thin panel, as if the knocker were trying to escape some terrible wretchedness. It was his sister, Su-ling . . . his wealthy sister. But she stood there in the early morning light, her hair uncombed like a river girl, her white hands torn and bleeding, her finest silk robes in tatters.

"They took my husband because he refused to allow them to use our house as military quarters. I think they have killed him . . . I know they have killed him . . . I heard so many shots. I have nothing now. I am alone. Help me dear brother."

He stretched his hand and guided her into the house. His wife had risen, and with soft, padded footstep, was preparing food.

"Yes, my son, rescue the injured turtle. Bring it in and feed it. Care for it and make it well again." "But father, why is the turtle so broken? Who could care so little as to torture a tiny creature who has no defense except a shell?"

"Someone very cruel does this, my son; someone who is blinded to the small things, and satisfies only his own desires."

It was difficult to comfort Su-ling. Her loss made it difficult for her to compose herself. It was then that the old man made the decision . . . they must leave, all of them. He remembered too well the suffering. His wife could bear no more; Su-ling too, had endured enough. He asked himself why did they come, the soldiers. What purpose is there in their coming . . . surely not merely to

destroy the old life, the old legends and traditions so that *they* might pursue their way of endless work, of no music, no flower blossoms. They would have no time for sitting under the dragon tree. They would destroy those who would not obey. They would burn the growing rice to ashes, so that the old people would become dependent upon the new. By the sweating backs of young and old men they would build dams on the rocks of the emperors, and the old life would pass away in a very short time. All the wisdom of the pagodas would, in seconds, crumple like burning paper. It was time to go. It was time to run from the marching soldiers of the North and flee to Chungking.

Maybe the soldiers will not *stop* marching, he thought. Maybe they will go on, even to Chungking, and then all will be gone. But there will be time still for the old life before we die. We must hope. We will escape.

He had some money, saved over years, hidden in a golden Buddha at the temple. Quickly he ran there, over the short soft grass damp with the morning mist, up the flat low steps, and to a small statue in the corner niche. And then back at the house, how easily they seemed to gather their belongings, even the many little things that come of living long in the same place. How simple seemed the long climb down to the Great River, the climb so difficult, even for the young. After many brief moments they were on a junk, and on their way down the river, to Chungking, the great city. They were leaving the soldiers, the hunger, the war. But sitting on the rough boards, the old man once again heard the voice of his father:

“Yes, my son, in the year of the soldiers some houses will be burned . . . the wealthy will be plundered . . . the poor will be overtaxed . . . and all will be bent to the wheel of the new general. When it comes, escape it my son. Take what you have and stay away, stay away until the rice rises from the ashes and the dragon tree bears blossoms once more.”

## *“All This for your Comfort”*

Once I sat—long as time—  
And watched men writing.  
Some—sickly and dim-eyed,  
But others young, with living eyes,  
And good strong hands.  
They have gone long before this day,  
Time has broken their old pens,  
Has crumbled their books of spun papyrus.  
Who would guess fire being written  
On these hollow sheets,  
This fragile turning of pages—a pentecost?  
Who would guess this rustling to be  
Language of Fire and language of Its Wings  
Over the waters? Who would guess  
Unless touched by the quick tingling  
Of this cast fire,  
Unless quick-kindled like the bush,  
That Moses shed his shoes  
To tread before?

Moses has gone  
So have the men who write  
While the bush burns  
And we walk, bearing this burning  
In hollow cups against eternity.

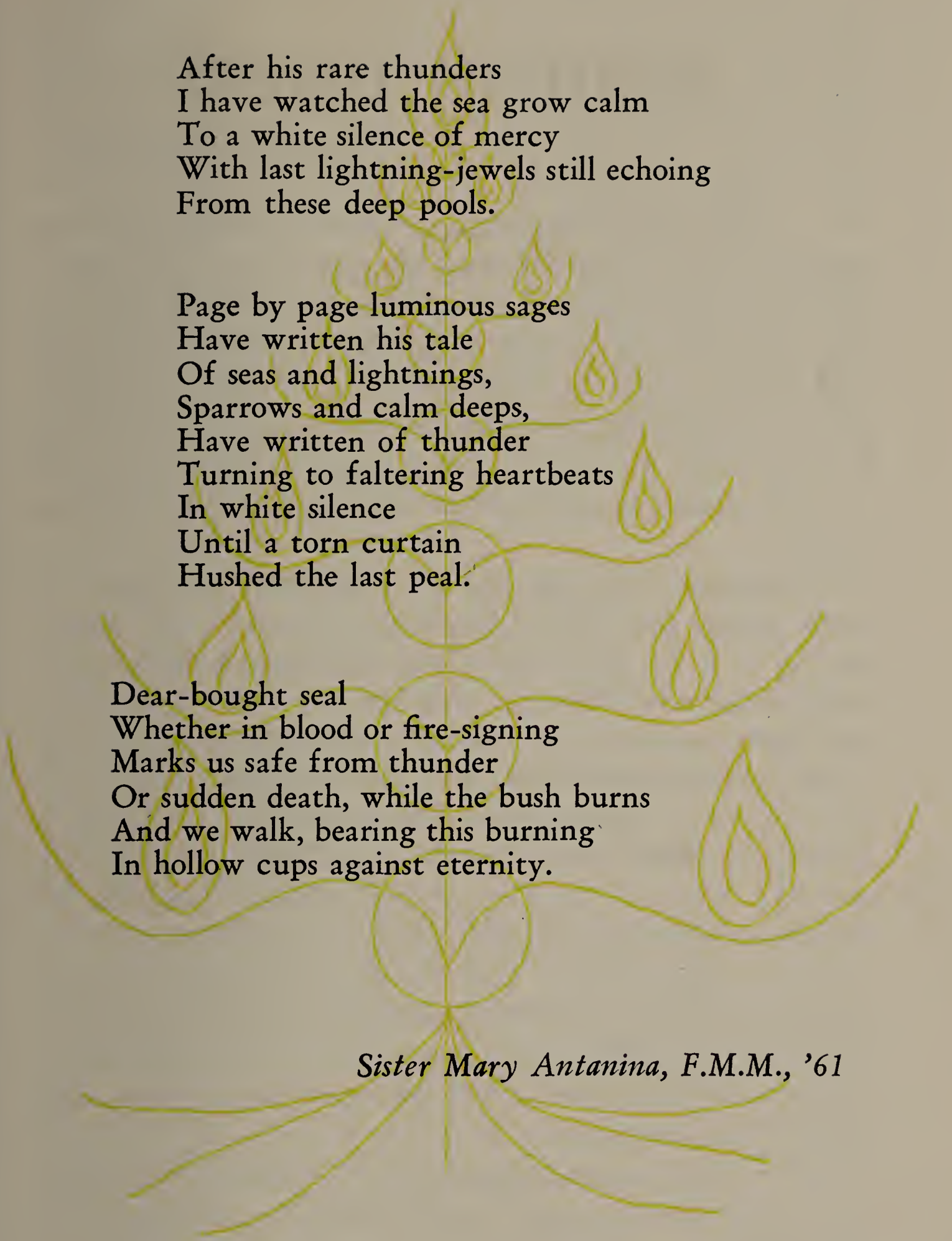


I have seen the son on his funeral pyre  
Without an angel to save him;  
No ram to bleat in his stead,  
To stain blood with dust on the stone;  
No father to cut loose the stiff loops  
Of my coiling vileness  
That tie him to his death.

And I have dragged my red heaviness  
Across age-curdled deserts,  
Dyed the sea red by my crossings,  
Touched manna in its whiteness  
Lest I should faint or die  
Of my hurts,  
And bent over my quivering sacrifices,  
Until this phoenix-pyre,  
This broken blood-tryst.

Red pages—  
Made white by blood for my living—  
Now wait till the folding-up of tents,  
The rolling-up of red skies,  
While the bush burns  
And we walk, bearing this burning  
In hollow cups against eternity.

He said he would have mercy  
And lift to singing a poor sparrow.  
Swallows have built their nests—  
Each year after his thunders  
Have flocked more gaily  
Around his calm, wide house.



After his rare thunders  
I have watched the sea grow calm  
To a white silence of mercy  
With last lightning-jewels still echoing  
From these deep pools.

Page by page luminous sages  
Have written his tale  
Of seas and lightnings,  
Sparrows and calm deeps,  
Have written of thunder  
Turning to faltering heartbeats  
In white silence  
Until a torn curtain  
Hushed the last peal.

Dear-bought seal  
Whether in blood or fire-signing  
Marks us safe from thunder  
Or sudden death, while the bush burns  
And we walk, bearing this burning  
In hollow cups against eternity.

*Sister Mary Antanina, F.M.M., '61*



# APRIL'S DEBT

*Ann Harrington, '62*

SO LONG ago—but it does not seem so now. At times, I cannot remember everything, but it is clear now—too clear. I did not understand then for I was too young. And yet, I did not question. I was like Whiffle, his hunting dog, an old friend who silently stood by him, watching, waiting, wondering, but never questioning. It started long before that day though, but I was a part of him and we did not notice. Unconsciously, Scott and I accepted it and that was all.

In the summers, before the war came, we picked cat tails by the stream and swished them back and forth in the water, staring at nothing and dreaming idle dreams that could never come true. We stretched out on the rubber grass sometimes, watching the clouds take the shape of our dreams and we talked about them. And his were better. His clouds were warriors on spotless white horses with long sharp spears clenched in their hands, or charioteers, or powerful and muscular fighters. And mine were nothing compared to them; they quickly faded into shallow, shapeless clouds.

And he taught me to box—to guard my face with the left first, to defend myself with the right, to fake, to hook, to skip and hop so that I would never be a stationary target. And when I lost a fight, he was not angry but sad, as though he had lost it and not I.

And we grew strong together, and because he was older, he was stronger, quicker. Sometimes, he seemed hard, but I did not wonder as one does not wonder at sudden anger or sorrow and simply waits for a better time.



When the war came, we enlisted in the Union Army. He seemed proud of his uniform, of the musty blue fatigue blouse and dull brass buttons stamped with U.S. eagles, of the plain wool trousers and the leather shoes that finally distinguished between the left and right foot. He did not mind sleeping in leaking tents, nor digging dugouts, nor eating meager rations of salt pork and stale bread. The soldier's life seemed to agree with him and I could not foresee what would happen. And we fought together at the beginning of the war, at Fort Henry, Fort Donelson and finally at Shiloh . . . so long ago . . .

"I'll raise you a dollar," Scott said glancing at his cards and nudging the coin forward.

"Ah'll raise ya' two," the other said.

"Guess I'll call. Two pairs."

"Sorry," the other grinned scooping up the crumpled bills and silver change. "Ah got a royal flush."

"Let me see that!" Scott barked at him.

"Sure, sonny, sure. A royal flush—see. Fair an' square . . . or maybe you'd be doubtin' that," he prodded.

"You're always winnin' at cards. A man don't have such luck."

"Take it easy Scott," a third warned, "We was watchin'. He didn't cheat none that we saw."

"Yea, sure," Scott said flipping the cards to the ground. "Fair an' square."

I watched as he walked away from them, grabbing maple buds from a tree now and then, violently tearing them apart and tossing the shreds aside with a grunt of disgust. "Sure is a sore loser," one of the players remarked, but I leaned against the tree knowing that, in time, he would recover from his sullen mood.

I sipped the black, sugarless coffee, holding the cup with both hands and hoped that its heat would help ward off

the oncoming chill of night. I thought of how we used to dream by the stream at home and how Scott liked this time of year. Everything had a fresh start in spring, he told me, as though someone saw fit to give it a second chance. And because I felt it was a beautiful thought, I believed him. He often talked of spring, musing over his idea that the April rains washed away the wrongs of winter, leaving cleanliness and goodness behind. I agreed as always because I was young and I was a part of him, and still I never questioned, neither what he said nor what he did.

"Well, it sure do seem strange to me," I heard one of the soldiers growl. "Here we been marchin' nearly a day to get to this place . . . What's the name of it?"

"Pittsburg Landin', the winner of the poker game sneered at him, "An' in case you're wonderin', that stream down past the woods is known as the Tennessee River."

"It still seems strange," the other continued without looking at him, "As soon as we get here we sack out—no guards, no trenches, nothin'—an' the Rebs less than a day's march away, so Sarge was sayin'. If they attack we've had it. Sure ain't enough men in five divisions for this war."

"Ah, they're not gonna attack—too busy eatin' their grits an' sippin' their mint julips," someone said and we laughed.

"I still say it's strange," the one called Whitey said. "General Grant not makin' any plans—none that we know of anyway. We'd sure be sittin' ducks if them Rebs came now."

No one talked much after that and we all began to wonder about the trenches and dugouts. But night came on quickly and we were too exhausted from the day's march to worry about the possibilities of battle.

They came the next morning, streaming out of the woods in a flood of gray, screaming the hideous, inhuman war cry

that shook the soul right out of you. At the beginning, I saw Scott near me, mechanically firing his Springfield. I couldn't. I cursed mine. Every time I had to pour the powder in it or ram in the bullet and firing cap, I cursed it. But the battle thickened and I soon lost sight of him taking deadly aim at a man he never knew.

And there was no time to think of war, nor the reasons for war, nor that you had to kill the men who rushed toward you like hungry animals. You couldn't think of death, only survival, so you fired and cursed the gun and fired again. You knew that hours passed, that men were falling beside you, behind you, everywhere—wounded, dead—it didn't matter. You couldn't think of them. You could feel yourself being pushed back—through woods, a field, and orchard, more woods—you couldn't really tell, so you fought with one thought in mind—survival—and you all fought for the same reason whether your blouse was blue or gray or soaked with blood.

And when it was over, you didn't know how or why, only that it was and that you were tired, more tired than you had ever been. So you sank into the weed-grass and forgot.

That day had no hours nor minutes, and when I awoke the sky was streaked with blue and pink, and it reminded me of the sunsets—or sunrises—at home. I turned to show Scott a new dream cloud, but he was not there.

Instead the man called Whitey was gazing down at me. "You're up early, son. Mighty nice sunrise, ain't it? Sort of makes you feel better."

"Have you seen Scott Adams? Pvt. Scott Adams," I asked, rising to my knees. "He's my brother. Is he all right? Have you seen him?"

"No. No, I ain't," he murmured.

"Are you sure? You know him, don't you?"

"Yes, I know him. We fought together yesterday."



"Is he hurt?"

"He's your brother?"

"Yes."

"Sure was a good fighter," he said looking off at the sunrise. "At first, he seemed to enjoy it, but he didn't. He stopped to help a Reb once, you know. But the poor kid died so it weren't no use. Sure was a good fighter. He must of shot a hundred before . . . ." He stopped and looked at me fumbling for the right words to cover his mistake and angry with himself for saying too much.

"Is he dead? Where was he shot?"

"We was in the orchard, son . . . . Don't know if he's dead though," he mumbled. "I didn't stop."

The sun had risen completely by the time I got there and a haze of bluish-gold had settled over the clearing strewn with the blood-stained-dead. I could not see the grass, only bodies, more and more bodies stretched under scrawny, broken peach trees. Every now and then I saw a splash of red or green, of Zouaves or Berdan Sharpshooters, but always, everywhere was the musty blue and dust-covered gray. I stepped among them turning over the heavy bodies, looking for the familiar face, but horror sockets and pain-twisted faces stared back at me. And when they came to tell me that Scott was in the field hospital, my hands were dripping red with the blood of Shiloh.

Field hospitals were reserved only for those who were severely wounded, for those who could find little hope of living through the day. They huddled him among the dead and dying, too concerned with more encouraging cases to bother with him, and I found him lying under a pine tree, lost in delirium and moaning about the pain in his legs. They wondered at his surviving through the night, and when morning came, they found time to amputate and moved him to the hospital near Snake Creek.

"He'll get a medal for that battle," the doctors told me. "If it hadn't been for him and men like him we wouldn't have held the orchard for so long. I'm sorry about his legs though, he was a good soldier."

I went to him, isolated in a far corner of the hospital, and sitting by his side, I murmured saddened words of praise and hope. But he stared at the peeling, stained wall and would not look at me. He did not want pity and when I spoke, there was anger in my voice.

"At least you're alive!" I said.

Slowly he turned and glared at me with the bitter hardness I never questioned as a boy. "Yea, sure," he hissed, and once again turned his head to the wall.

I left him there, staring at the emptiness where his legs should have been, and walked back to my regiment. There were no clouds that day. And I knew, they had gone forever.

# The Fruit of Knowledge

*Joanne Lally, '62*



HE LOOKED down at the vacant, restless young faces. They were his students, boys who were sent to him to learn history but whose faces betrayed their boredom. They seemed content to be bored. They never questioned, rarely offered suggestions and usually assumed a faraway stare when he called on them. He wanted them to study. He wanted to teach them history but he couldn't.

Dr. Clement didn't know why he couldn't say what he was thinking. All he could ever say was what he now said: "Now please get this; it's not too difficult."

Wade Hampton Jones III sighed and continued to click his ball point pen. Howard Smith, Jr. rolled his head and stared out at the budding trees lining the walks near Wentworth Hall.



Dr. Clement cleared his throat.

"Does anyone know the immediate causes of the Civil War?"

He hesitated for a few hopeful seconds. When no one raised his hand, Dr. Clement proceeded to state the causes. Picking up the chalk, he began to write, inching slowly towards the edge of the platform. Slowly all eyes turned towards him and stayed there like twenty spiders looking at a single fly.

Clement continued to explain and to write. He noted the forty spidery eyes beginning to light up. Maybe they aren't so indifferent after all, he thought. He pushed backwards, backwards, backwards, until—

He was startled. But their laughing eyes, the rulers being poked into giggling backs, told him they were not. The clumsy misstep made him feel like a gangling member of the lowest form, ludicrous in command.

"How silly of me not to realize where the step was," he apologized, rearranging his steel rimmed spectacles as he spoke.

The wall built by his own learned retreat and their wealthy aggressiveness was still there. From the other side of the wall Wade Jones III sneered.

The bell rang.

"Well that will be all for today, boys." Dr. Clement turned to erase the board as twenty adolescents banged out the door.

He turned and saw an apple on his desk. Blushing, he picked it up. Like a small boy inspecting a toy, he looked at its shiny redness.

Beyond the doorway, Wade poked Howie in the ribs.

"See," he gloated, "I told you he wouldn't know what to do with it."



*The White Nile.* Alan Moorehead. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1960.

Alan Moorehead's latest book, *The White Nile*, has all the excitement and suspense one would expect to find in a fictional adventure piece, yet what Mr. Moorehead relates is true. It is the history of the exploration and exploitation of Central Africa . . . the "heart of darkness." The time span is relatively short, enveloping the discoveries made from 1856 to 1900. But, as the author implies, the metamorphosis which has taken place in Africa because of these discoveries is extremely significant to the African crisis today.

The book is divided into four sections: The Exploration, The Exploitation, The Moslem Revolt, and The Christian Victory. Mr. Moorehead also includes a prologue in which he briefly presents a history of the Nile prior to 1856. The expedition of Richard Francis Burton and John Hanning Speke, beginning in this year, is the actual starting point of the narrative. Not only are the personalities of these two British explorers vividly described, but the Victorian personality and temperament is also accurately presented. By

repeatedly contrasting the individual British explorers with the various African tribal leaders, Mr. Moorehead reveals a greater antithesis. It is the presentation of this underlying difference between the civilized and polite Victorian milieu and the savage and barbarous atmosphere of the dark continent, which constitutes a major feature of the book.

Mr. Moorehead seems to be questioning what led men such as Burton, Speke, General Charles Gordon, and Dr. Livingstone from the safety of Victorian England into this unknown continent. He suggests a "hunger for adventure," or the selfless desire to "suppress the slave-trade and evangelize the African tribes." Other motives are there, however, all wrapped up in nineteenth century nationalism and growing imperialism. As Mr. Moorehead says:

. . . the profits to be made from ivory and the hope of discovering gold and other minerals, the collector's and the sportsman's instinct, the simple wish to be the first to break into a new country—all these things drew the explorers on; and it has to be admitted that a great deal of effort was wasted on expeditions that set out to rescue men who did not particularly want to be rescued.

Of these men the most colorfully presented is General Charles Gordon. He is described as a man without inner peace, one who finds "nothing in this world can fulfill his hunger for perfection." When, under the leadership of a new Mohammed, the Moslems revolted, Gordon persuaded political leaders in England to let him defend the Egyptian forces. Although Gordon's desire to defend Khartoum and the Egyptian garrisons may have been prompted merely by his hunger for adventure, nevertheless there were also political motives. The Sudan could easily be lost to the Mahdi and his wild dervishes if help were not speedily sent. The account of Gordon's heroic stand against the Moslem terrorists is well handled by Mr. Moorehead. He contrasts



Gordon's determination at Khartoum with the vacillating Gladstone government in England.

Using to full advantage the journals and letters of Gordon as well as written accounts of eye-witnesses, Mr. Moorehead presents a vivid and accurate description, not only of the siege at Khartoum, but of the underlying influences which brought about the final fall of the garrison. It is the probing of cause and effect, motive and action, which gives the book so much vitality. Mr. Moorehead constantly relates present with past so that one becomes aware of the cause-effect impact of each situation. The narrative flows easily. Descriptions of people or places are closely woven into the narrative, and become an integral part of Moorehead's examination of central problems. A graphic description of the market place at Zanzibar, for example, is sufficient to indicate the merciless, rapacious quality of the slave-trade which persisted in Africa as late as 1900.

The current focus on Africa may prompt people to read this vital, moving account of late nineteenth century African conditions. Alan Moorehead, however, gives the subject even greater vitality through his detailed descriptions, his selective use of contemporary journals and letters, and his flowing narrative style.

*Elinor Bowes, '61*

*Literature and Western Man.* John B. Priestley. New York: Harper Press, 1960.

This book almost defies literary classification. It presents the ideas, ideals, fears and loves of Western man as found in literature. It is not a survey of literature, for it is not a series of selections; neither is it literary history, for it is subjective, and selective. It is not a literary criticism, for

the objective is breadth, not depth, and evaluation is sparse.

The book is divided chronologically into five parts. The first section of each part deals with the philosophic background of the respective period. The remaining sections present the literature ordered according to Western countries and by genres. For example, we are taken from Voltaire and the Age of Reason to Part III, "Shadows of the Moon." In the first section we see the philosophy of Rousseau which served as a catalyst to spark the Romantic Age. The remaining sections are titled: "Germany and Goethe," "The English Romanticists," "The Romantic Movement in France," and "Russians and Others."

In the Introduction, Priestley states that "it is not a work of scholarship." It is not concerned with literary problems. His critical observations are subjective as well as controversial. For example, he asserts: "Joyce was not taking the novel anywhere; he has to be enjoyed but then bypassed."

Priestley states that his reason for writing is that modern man may benefit from the experiences of Western man as expressed in literature. "The final emphasis—is not on literature, but on Western man." However, since the largest part of the book is concerned with literature, one discerns Priestley's attitude towards it. It is a utilitarian attitude. He overlooks completely the aesthetic function. Literature may and necessarily does express each age, but its primary purpose is aesthetic enjoyment or delight. The book treats literature from a sociological or historical point of view. If the reader is better able to understand himself after seeing man of the past centuries through literature, Priestley's purpose has been achieved. But how much better insight into the nature of literature the same reader may achieve from Priestley's extraliterary treatment of literature is questionable.

*Mary-Jane Sullivan, '62*



*A Burnt-Out Case*. Graham Greene. New York: The Viking Press, 1961.

*A Burnt-Out Case* is a powerful, absorbing novel, probing the depths of a man's soul. Graham Greene's setting, a leprosarium, deep in the heart of the Congo, though an unusual one, is amazingly apt. The physical distortion and corruption which leprosy engenders seems an "objective correlative" to the spiritual disfigurement which Greene's protagonist, Querry, experiences. Querry's condition gives the book its title. Like his mutilated leper servant, Deo Gratias, Querry is a "burnt-out case". . . one wherein the disease has "burnt" itself out, leaving the body horribly mutilated. Querry's disease is success; his mutilation, spiritual boredom and complete loss of meaning in his existence.

Querry's journey to the Congo, and the all-enveloping jungle is an escape from the meaningless platitudes heaped upon him by well-intentioned contemporaries. Here, he hopes to forget them, his numerous love affairs, his triumphs in architecture, his Catholicity, in short, his former self.

Dr. Colin, a sincere atheist, in charge of the hospital, is Querry's first contact. He assigns "burnt-out" leper, Deo Gratias to Querry as a servant. Further contacts with the Congo (which Greene in his introduction to the book calls "a region of the mind"), are realized through the White Fathers who staff the hospital and with whom Querry rooms. Life moves smoothly and uneventfully for Querry for a time—he does not suffer; he does not feel joy; he simply exists. However, the world which Querry has left, does not wish to be put aside so easily. It confronts Querry in the person of M. Rycker, a religious fanatic, who learns of Querry through a *Time* feature article.

Rycker is anxious to meet *the* Querry and to have an intellectual discussion with this "outstanding Catholic."



Despite adamant denials on Querry's part, the preconception regarding his Catholicity persists. About Querry, each of the fictive characters has his own theory. Fr. Thomas sees Querry as a potential saint suffering from the "grace of aridity." The corrupt British journalist, Parkinson, views him as a second Dr. Schweitzer, a "Hermit of the Congo," not because he truly believes that he is, but simply because he is more newsworthy portrayed so. Marie Rycker finds in Querry the love which she wishes she could feel for her husband. Of all, Dr. Colin seems to understand Querry best. It is he who calls him a "burnt-out case" and who perceives Querry's struggle to be almost over.

Which person is the true Querry? Is he what he himself says he is—a dead man? Or does a new Querry arise, a Querry who has begun to suffer, to feel once again? And will this suffering lead him back to God? Perhaps we have a hint of the answer in the Superior's comment ". . . a man who starts looking for God has already found him."

These questions and several others will bother the reader of Greene's book, for it asks more questions than it answers. Once again, Greene has created a drama of human life, reflecting the effect of corrupt modern society on man's soul—a society that claims to have all the answers but the most important one, that of the relation of man to God.

*Marianne McGuire, '62*

*Ruan.* Winifred Bryher. New York: Pantheon Books, 1960.

*Ruan*, the latest of Bryher's widely-acclaimed historical novels, projects the reader into sixth-century Ireland and Wales. Young Ruan, nephew of the Druid high-priest, is forced by tradition to prepare for the priesthood. Chafing in the strict confinement of Lestowder, avid for adventure,

and searching for fulfillment, he feels bound in conscience to flee the monotonous schooling of the Celtic priests, although this means breaking bonds of loyalty to tradition and family. How he resolves this dilemma and departs in quest of those distant islands symbolic of his and every man's fulfillment, provides the plot of *Ruan*.

With an authenticity born of a life-long interest and fascination for the period, Bryher recreates the mood of time and place as well as a way of living and believing. The sights and sounds, the desires and difficulties of sixth-century Britain are viewed through Ruan's observant eyes. The reader rushes along with him through the throngs at the Cornish fair, and stands beside him in avid silence at the solemn burial of the king on the mystery-enshrouded Islands of the Dead. Together, reader and writer seem to experience the Irish mariners' camp and flee through an Irish bog to save their lives.

The youth is searching for something constant, for the truth. To Ruan:

If anything were constant, it was the sea; that and a tormenting wish, it was like hunger, to strip complexities away and find a truth beneath the surface of this confusing world.

The theme is a universal one: man's aspiration to be himself, and to pursue that kind of life which allows him self-fulfillment.

Bryher expresses her theme in exquisite language—at times her prose seems to be almost poetry. She wields her pen with a clarity and precision which produce a captivating, lively piece of prose.

*Rosemary C. Tipping, '62*

*The Trial Begins.* Abram Tertz. New York: Pantheon Books Inc., 1960.

*The Trial Begins*, written by a Soviet author bearing the pseudonym "Abram Tertz," is an arresting novel smuggled out of Russia for reasons which are obvious upon examination of the contents. This "philosophical fable" is an expression of dissatisfaction with the Soviet social structure. The plot which dramatizes it centers about Seryozka, a Soviet youth, and his unsuccessful attempt to lead a people's revolt, the social excesses of the boy's would-be upper-echelon father and lastly, the seduction of the boy's step-mother by an undistinguished intellectual.

The importance of the essential action lies not in surface events, but rather in that which they symbolize: the discontent among some of the current generation with Stalinized Marxist philosophy. Seryozka, the boy, represents the radical aspects of this discontent. He would have a system based on good-will-toward-men, though still Communistic. His plans for a revolt are curtailed by his arrest. His adherence to his principles in the face of his interrogator is admirable, if futile.

Seryozka's father, Public Prosecutor Globov, is a realist who lives in a kind of dream-world. This contradiction is apparent in his awareness of his real situation (and that of his fellow officials in all their painful human perplexities), while he daydreams of himself making brilliant speeches in court. Globov signifies the generation which grew up in Stalin's regime and which accepts all of its pronouncements. So enveloping is Globov's ennui, that he makes no effort to save his own son's life.

Karlinsky, the undaunted lover of Globov's disinterested wife, Marina, is symbolic of a universal kind of incompetency to deal with the reality of one's existence. He phi-



losophizes about the lack of correspondence between Marxist ideals and actualities. His seduction of Marina and ultimate disappointment in his achievement, brings him to a realization of the futility of measuring human success by material and physical coups.

The prologue and epilogue of *The Trial Begins* strike an autobiographical note, depicting a situation which the free world has come to accept as routine in Russia: the censorship of individual thought.

The book's diction is highly and unusually imagistic, as in this description of symphonic music: ". . . icebergs floated down, as if the ice age had come back, and crashed and ground against each other."

Characterizations, though not of prime importance, are deftly handled, even in the cases of people who appear only briefly in the novel. The artistry of *The Trial Begins* lies in the way each incident defines the theme, viz., the young Russian's independent thinking and his yearning for escape from the mechanistic tenor of existence in Russia.

*Patricia MacCarthy, '62*



The Staff is happy to announce that Marian McDonnell, Editor-in-Chief of ETHOS, has been awarded First Prize in the National Short Story Contest sponsored by *Kappa Gamma Pi*. Her winning entry, *More Real than Dreaming*, was printed in the February issue of ETHOS, under the title, *Gone, Given Long Away*.

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